

The Sketch

No. 1342.—Vol. CIV.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



THE BIRD.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEE.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Harking Back to Bernhardt.

"If our arms met with disaster, our political downfall would not be delayed, and we should rapidly sink down. The future of German nationality would be sacrificed, an independent German civilisation would not long exist, and the blessings for which German blood has flowed in streams—spiritual and moral liberty, and the profound and lofty aspirations of German thought—would for long ages be lost to mankind."

Thus General Freidrich von Bernhardt in the little manual which contributed so largely to the bringing of this war by the Kaiser.

"If, as is right," he continues, "we do not wish to assume the responsibility for such a catastrophe, we must have the courage to strike with every means to attain that increase of power which we are entitled to claim, even at the risk of a war with numerically superior foes."

Very well. They decided to take the risk. They took it. German blood flowed in oceans, and we had a glimpse of what Bernhardt and his friends meant by "spiritual and moral liberty." It was a pretty spectacle. We also got an inkling of "the profound and lofty aspirations of German thought." The caged tiger has profound and lofty aspirations. He would risk a good deal for the chance of realising them. And some of the bystanders would not understand the peril they had been in until the beast was once again secure in his cage.

I wonder if our merry strikers have ever read their Bernhardt?

Jolly for France. The gallant General had—may still have—particularly pleasant plans with regard to La Belle France.

"In one way or another," said he, "*we must square our account with France*"—the italics are his, not mine—"if we wish for a free hand in our international policy. This is the first and foremost condition of a sound German policy; and, since the hostility of France once for all cannot be removed by peaceful overtures, the matter must be settled by force of arms. *France must be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path.*" The italics, this time, are mine.

In view of this definite statement, it is difficult to understand the hardihood, the impertinence of Marshal Foch. Here is a Frenchman who must have studied the illuminating writings of the great Bernhardt. He cannot pretend to misunderstand Bernhardt. His country was to be completely crushed. What do we find? We find Foch so callous to the necessities of German international policy that he attacks them in a dozen places at once, and sweeps up their guns and their prisoners by the hundred thousand. I fail to see how that accords with the neat and lucid programme of General Bernhardt.

As for England—well, if you remember, England scarcely counted. She was to be kept busy fighting her own Colonies. This, of course, was a very lucky prediction. It all came true. The battle of New Zealand was particularly vicious.

The Turk as a Fighter.

From a distinguished officer—who has been doing, as I happen to know from private sources, his full share in expediting the departure of the Turk from Palestine—I have received a letter of particular interest. I may venture, with all due caution, to quote a passage or two.

"Failing being in France," he says, "one is lucky to be in this country. The Turk is a bit of a sitter"—he has been rather less of a sitter since this letter was written—"and it is not much fun playing with him. Rather like chasing a drag after a real healthy day behind a stiff-necked fox. But he is a sporting fighter"—will gentlemen of the Hun Army kindly note?—"and has got a tremendous big heart. After you have dashed him all round the ropes, and just when you are wondering whether to give it him on the point of the chin or over the heart, he suddenly sits up and lands you a jolt in the ribs that fair knocks the breath out of you. The beauty of the fellow is that one never knows what he is going to do next."

That unsolicited testimonial should be of use to the Turk in the near future. If British officers of experience can speak of him as a sporting fighter, the British nation are the last people on earth to treat him as they would the heroic slayers of wounded and torturers of kittens.

Palestine Seen by a Soldier.

"The country," my correspondent continues, "always excepting the hateful and accused Jordan Valley, is interesting. The Judæan hills are in places very beautiful. They are big, steep, and generally terraced, covered all over with olive-trees, vines, and fig-trees, and they always catch every breath of breeze that is going."

"Jericho, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan are good value in the winter."

"Jerusalem is a disappointing place at first, but improves on acquaintance and nosing about. It could be so magnificent, and is so tawdry. It suffers—or its Holy Places do—from warring sects of all nations, who lose all idea of Christianity and beauty in the pursuit of petty squabbles and jealousy. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre—which includes Calvary—is divided and partitioned by arbitrary boundaries enclosing areas, each appertaining to a different sect. Each sect vies with the other in making their particular portion hideous with tinsel and gilt, with the result that the collective effect sets every nerve jangling and jarring in silent protest. . . .

"From the Mount of Olives one gets a view that is passing fair. Old man Joshua must have been a stout fellow to get his lads all the way from the Jordan Valley in a forced march to El Jib, or the Gideon of ancient days, and then fight a battle at the end of it. I've done the best part of it, and, far from wanting the sun to stand still at the end of it, one prayed for sundown, with a pious one tacked on to it to assist the Mess Secretary to get along the beer in time for dinner."



EMERGED FROM RETIREMENT TO SPEAK ON A LEAGUE OF NATIONS: VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON.

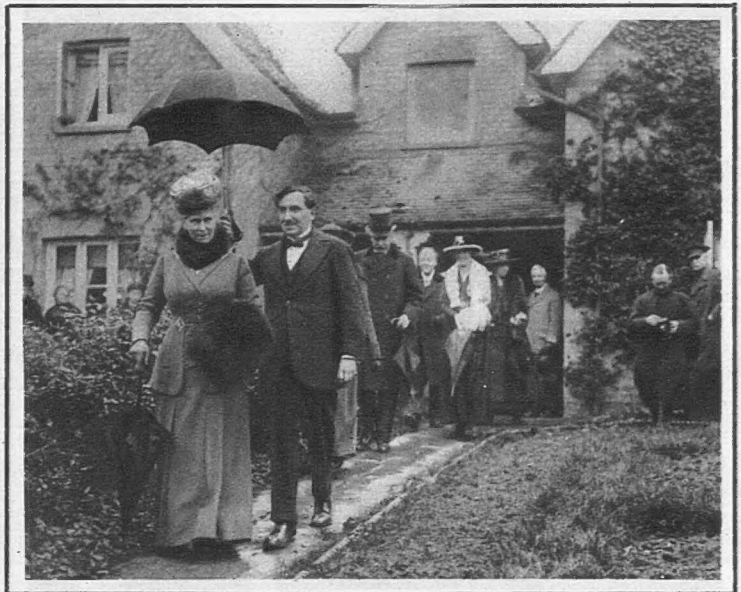
Viscount Grey had made no public appearance since he retired from the Foreign Office, until he spoke on a League of Nations last Thursday at the Central Hall, Westminster. It will be recalled, however, that he recently wrote a pamphlet on the same subject. Our photograph shows him leaving the offices of the society formed to promote such a league. He has for some time had trouble with his eyesight.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

ON THE HOME FRONT: ROYALTY AND OTHER PERSONALITIES.



UNDER AN ARCH OF LIFE GUARDS' SWORDS: MR. F. B. GILLET AND HIS BRIDE (MISS EVA ELLIOT) LEAVING ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

The Queen and Princess Mary last Wednesday visited the Cambridgeshire Tuberculosis Colony at Papworth Hall, where there are a number of soldier-patients. Her Majesty gave £1000 to the funds of the institution.



ROYAL INTEREST IN CONSUMPTIVE SOLDIERS: THE QUEEN AT THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE TUBERCULOSIS COLONY AT PAPWORTH HALL.

The wedding of Mr. Francis B. Gillett, Household Cavalry, son of Mr. J. Gillett, of Potchefstroom, and Miss Eva F. Elliot, daughter of Mr. F. R. B. Elliot, of Kelso, took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on Oct. 8.



INTERESTED IN "OUR DAY": SIR ARTHUR STANLEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE RED CROSS. TO MARRY MR. CECIL W. HAYWOOD NEXT MONTH: MISS JOAN BANKES.

As Chairman of the British Red Cross Society, whose war expenditure is immense, Sir Arthur Stanley is more interested, perhaps, than anyone else in the success of "Our Day," on Oct. 24.—Miss Joan Bankes, only

COMMANDING U.S. FORCES HERE: MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN BIDDLE.

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Bankes, is engaged to Mr. Cecil Wightwick Haywood, eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Haywood.—Major-General John Biddle is Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. forces in Great Britain.



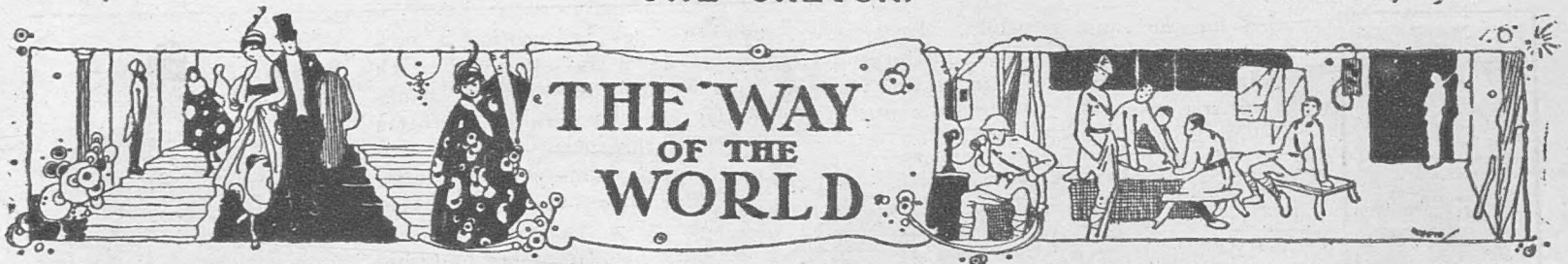
WITH A MESSAGE FROM SIR DOUGLAS: LADY HAIG (CENTRE) HELPING TO "FEED THE GUNS" AT KINGSTON.

In opening the War Bond sale at Kingston last Wednesday, Lady Haig read a message from her husband, Sir Douglas Haig, asking all at home to do their part to the end. She bought a £100 bond for her baby son.



THE NEW BUREAU FOR THE SALE OF OFFICIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS: CUSTOMERS INSPECTING THE ALBUMS.

On the same day the Ministry of Information's new Bureau for the sale of war photographs was opened in Coventry Street by Colonel John Buchan. Its success is already assured.



The International. The International Society Exhibition at the Grosvenor was not the most wonderful thing on earth. Still, "what we lost on the roundabouts we made up on the swings." I mean that many people who came to see the Exhibition were quite the most interesting exhibits present. Amongst the former, of course, was Lady Drogheda, who is simply seething at the moment with schemes for War Charities. I should not wonder if aeroplanes figured largely in one of the schemes.



MENTIONED FOR VALUABLE SERVICES IN HEDJAZ: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. CAMPBELL.
Photograph by Bassett.

Admiralty expert; and opened the show at the Grosvenor Galleries. It contained plenty of war relics, notably a complete German aeroplane of the latest type.

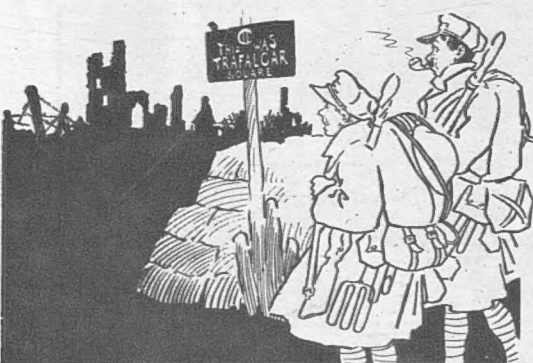
Lady Annesley's Baths for Birds.

Another interesting exhibit at the International—which, of course, has nothing whatever to do with the International which lightens the dreams of Lenin, Trotsky, Ramsay MacDonald, and that delightful pair, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Snowden—was Lady Annesley, who was, not unnaturally, interested in the statuette of herself, which, I believe, was the work of Mrs. Sheridan. Earlier in the war, Priscilla Lady Annesley showed me over one of the finest rose-gardens in the country at her charming place at Maidenhead. She was specialising then in bird-baths of all kinds—stone, zinc, and low marble ones. I often wondered if her enthusiasm was damped by the fact that the birds, being creatures of obstinate disposition, were inclined to use the rims round the



WOMAN'S WAR-WORK ATTIRE: LAY FIGURES AT THE WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY EXHIBITION ARRANGED BY THE WOMEN'S SECTION OF THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM.

Photograph by L.N.A.



BLIGHTY'D HOPES.

A disgusted Tommy (just arrived on leave): "Well, Jimmy, I hope they haven't been playing any monkey tricks with the Brixton Road."



WIFE OF THE UNITED STATES SECRETARY FOR WAR: MRS. NEWTON D. BAKER.
Photograph by Topical.

baths rather as refuges from the general prevalence of water than as means to entering it. Perhaps by now Lady Annesley has learnt that it is easier to make baths for birds than to make birds take their morning dip. After all, we have all learnt quite a lot since this instructive war started.

A Solitary Devotee.

Frinton has one solitary Society devotee at the moment who remains faithful to its charms. This is Lady Aline Vivian, who has been there throughout the summer, and, for all I know, may stop there for the winter. When only nineteen she married Mr. Valentine Vivian, a young and smart officer in the Grenadier Guards. Lady Aline is fair, pretty, and has many accomplishments. Her wedding was celebrated at the Guards Chapel in 1904, and those of us who were present will remember that she wore opals—doubtless from the fact that her birthday is in October. But superstition fades away in the twentieth century.

Max.

Of course, Max was in the very German Peace "stunt" up to the hilt. Not the Max who is so popular in England, from Downing Street to Fleet Street, and so unpopular in certain circles of Radical thought—Lord Beaverbrook, to wit—but the Max whom the Kaiser has always held up his sleeve as a peace ace to be produced at the critical moment—Prince Max of Baden. Those who know the Prince tell me that he has certain human qualities which make the usual run of inhuman Hun regard him as a sort of human eccentricity. Before the war, apart from his political interests, his name used to emerge occasionally in the Continental Press enveloped almost entirely in voluminous petticoats. A very nice thing to be enveloped in, no doubt; but where are those petticoats to-day? They will certainly not hide Prince Max from the cold light of reason which beats down upon him from the Sun of the Allies.



TO BE SWALLOWED CUM GRANO SALIS.

"Three dozen swallows were caught in a bedroom at Eastbourne."—Daily Paper.

A Diplomatic Parallel.

Max's precious peace project, like innumerable other documents from the same source, was wirelessed to President Wilson. As I write, I have not seen the full reply from the White House, but feel so certain about it that I am almost inclined to venture a prophecy and to say, like Mr. Bottomley, next week, "I told you so!" A certain young legal gentleman who was taken over in the noble train of England's great Lord Chief Justice, Lord Reading, had an amusing conversation with President Wilson a few months ago. "I don't suppose you have ever heard of the name, Mr. President,"

he remarked, "but we once had at the English Bar a most successful defender of prisoners called Mr. Geoghegan. On a certain occasion, after he had successfully defended a man on a charge of arson, another prisoner was put into the dock, and, being unrepresented, asked the Judge for legal aid. The jury intervened. 'Will your Lordship please allow Mr. Geoghegan to defend him,' said the foreman, 'as we should like him to address us once again?' I think," remarked my young friend to President Wilson, "that the Germans must be



FLAG-SELLERS FOR THE WAIFS AND STRAYS DAY: (LEFT TO RIGHT) LADY WORTHINGTON EVANS; HER DAUGHTER; MISS DRABBLE; AND MRS. GREAVES.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



THE NEW MILITARY GOVERNOR OF PARIS: GENERAL MOINIER, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED GENERAL GUILLAUMAT.
Photograph by C.N.

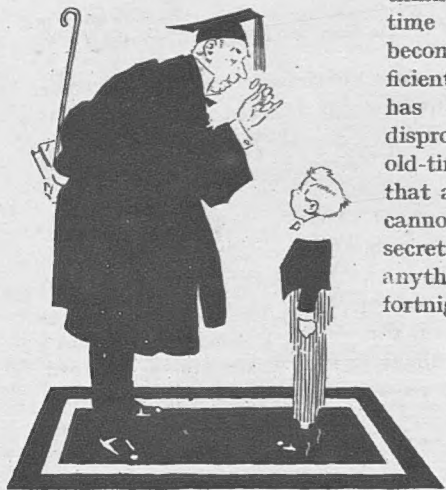
acting on the same principle. They have continued to send you Notes of all sorts and descriptions because they like to get yours back. And, after all, the Germans used to be known as a people who were enthusiastic critics of literary style!"

The Difference.

"Your story is a charming legend," replied President Wilson, "but it can hardly be considered a parallel in facts. You must remember that the Germans are not the jury, but the prisoner in the dock. Also it might be as well to recollect that I am not acting as a defending counsel in this matter, but as a prosecutor. Finally, it is not entirely unimportant to recall to your remembrance that I am an American, and that, if the Germans ask me for many more expressions of opinion, it is quite possible that I may adopt the method at one time practised by our Southern lawyers—silence and a six-shooter." Needless to say, all this is the merest after-dinner story; but, in the light of recent events, it seems to me to be distinctly interesting. I hope you will share my interest.

The Wedding Bell.

Congratulations to pretty Enid Bell on her marriage to Mr. D'Arcy Baker. Considering the number of friends they both possess, the whole thing was kept wonderfully quiet. Peggy Primrose, who is the heroine in "The Hidden Hand," at the Strand Theatre, acted as "best girl"—a rôle in which I should



OXYMORON.

"I notice you've frequently been late lately, Early."
"At Tottenham a parent named Early was summoned for sending his child to school late."—*Daily Paper.*

think by this time she has become proficient. Peggy has certainly disproved the old-time idea that a woman cannot keep a secret, for no one in London knew anything about the wedding until a fortnight after it had happened.

Lord Reading "Stricken."

Quite a lot of people were fussed beyond fussiness by the fact that Lord Reading was not at Washington when Prince Max's eagle, beautifully camouflaged into the resemblance of a dove, was despatched across the Atlantic, which



AN AMBULANCE WORKER ON THE FRENCH FRONT: LADY SWETTENHAM, WIFE OF SIR ALEXANDER SWETTENHAM.
Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.

The Dreaded Disease.

When her Ladyship had to "take to her bed," the small little social world which thinks itself so large and so vastly important was deeply concerned. The continual presence of telegraph-boys, all apparently obsessed with the common desire to know whether "this is the right address," and the continual query on the metallic telephone as to whether "this is the right



A FORTUNE IN A WASH OUT.

"A lady walked into a Newport (Mon.) bank to deposit £1000. All the money was in silver. The lady and her husband had sat up the previous night counting the money, which had been kept in a wash-tub."—*Daily Paper.*



A NOVEL "PLATFORM": MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL ADDRESSING CLYDE MUNITION-MAKERS FROM THE ROOF OF HIS MOTOR.
Photograph by Topical.

number," not to mention a profusion of letters—some of which were written in trembling handwriting by long-retired dowagers who threatened to return to London again—made me realise that there was "something wrong in the State of Denmark" so far as her Ladyship was concerned. I went and saw her. I asked the nature of her illness. She seemed resigned to her fate, but obstinately silent as to the facts.

Hush!
Not a Word!

She looked
the picture of a

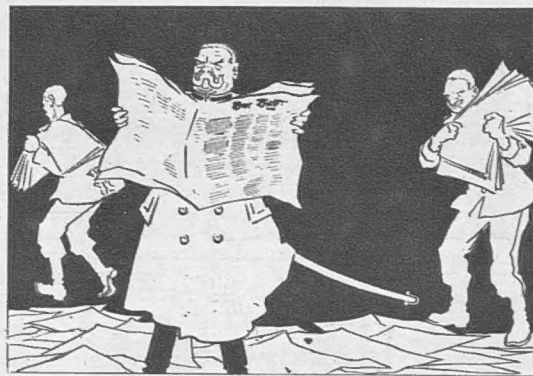
woman who can make at the slightest notice a very successful understudy for her daughter—and also, perhaps, the picture of a woman whose teeth are too good to be true (like other things in this life)—as she lay in her ample bed, shrouded from the garish gaze of the sun by cherry-coloured curtains. Still she was silent as to the nature of her illness. It was not until I informed her, in the stern and irrevocable manner of a lawyer who has come to a sick-bed to make a last will and testament, that all her nearest and dearest friends in feminine London were conjecturing quite the most scandalous things imaginable even to the female mind about her that she sat bolt upright in bed and confessed.

"I've got the gout," she said, with a gush of frankness, after the first preliminary scream; "but, of course, I daren't confess it. It's so ridiculous. No one ever sympathises with you if you've got the gout; and all sorts of people, like Daisy and

Maisie and Carry and Harry, may run all over the place and say you are getting old." For once her Ladyship spoke the truth.

A Diplomatic Secret.

Well, the dreaded disease which struck down Lady Lymelyghte in the autumn-summer of her youth is no respecter of persons. It has afflicted Lord Reading. I saw him at his house in Curzon Street, suffering from gout and under the strict command of his doctors to attempt no work. This, of course, worried him. "I know I got the gout in France," he remarked in a moment of confession; "but I am also sure that I could get rid of it if I went back to my work in America." Many years ago he told me, when he was at the Bar, "I hate holidays. I am only happy when I am at work." And this comparatively old dictum is true of him to-day. Meanwhile, Lord Reading is to be congratulated on his success—considering the wonderful Press which the Prime Minister possesses, according to "Joy Ryde" and other equally well-informed persons—in keeping his gout out of the papers.—THE WORLDLING.



UNHAPPY RETURNS.

"The only message of congratulation on Hindenburg's birthday reproduced in the papers is a telegram from the King of Saxony. Last year the papers printed scores."—*Central News.*



A NEW "MASTER OF CRAFT" FOR W. W. JACOBS.

"A boy of fifteen, asked at Kingston Police Court what he worked at, replied: 'I am skipper on a monkey barge running between Kingston and Southall.'"—*Daily Paper.*



GOLFING AT WALTON HEATH: THE HON. MRS. BETHELL.
Photograph by Farringdon Photo. Co.

SMALL TALK



IT is not often that round holes are so comfortably fitted with round pegs as happens in the case of Lord Essex, whose promotion to Captain in the Remount Service appeared in the *Gazette* the other day. Algernon George de Vere Capell, eighth Earl of Essex, is a thorough sportsman as well as a lover of horses. Even his love affairs were arranged on "sporting" lines. A runaway match with the present Countess was a sequel to a courtship that began in the hunting-field—both the then Viscount Malden and Miss Mary Stewart Freeman were keen fol-

lowers of the Rothschild Staghounds in the Vale of Aylesbury—and ended in a special license marriage before the season had closed.

A Royal Diner. The Prince of Wales, back on "leave" from the front, evidently believes in enjoying himself along the lines popular with other young men of his own age. His cheery Royal Highness was seen last week at restaurants where the brave and the fair gather to snatch as much pleasure as you can reasonably expect in war-time from congenial company and a dinner strictly in accordance with Mr Clynes's controlling edicts. Pretty Lady Stanley was one of those honoured by royal company at the Ritz, the transformation of whose celebrated gold-and-white ball-room into a comfortable "grill" is a striking sign of the revolution the war has worked in our social habits. Even the removal of the official ban on dancing is not likely to lead to a ball this side of peace. Rations forbid; and, if it comes to a choice of dining well or dancing hungry, the dinner has it every time.

To Work in London.

Lady Headfort's decision to winter—and, perhaps, shiver—in London, when she might live comfortably in free and unrationed Ireland, has no connection with the rumour current not long ago that her Ladyship contemplated returning to the stage. It is quite true that if some enterprising organiser succeeds in enlisting her sympathy she may still reappear behind the footlights in the

sweet cause of charity. Her prolonged stay in town, however, is due to the calls of war work. Like several others whose names figure prominently in "Debrett," Lady Headfort has joined Lady Londonderry's Women's Legion, which is rapidly establishing the reputation of having more aristocratic members on its "staff" than any other women's organisation. Ireland's loss is London's gain, though Lady Headfort's opportunities of practising her talents as a charming and perfect hostess will necessarily be rather limited. But there is always golf for the war-worker in search of recreation, and Lady Headfort is a keen golfer, and her Badminton approaches, or used to approach, something like champion form.

Off to Spain. Lady Carisbrooke's friends are wondering how she will like the rigid etiquette of the Spanish Court when she visits her sister-in-law at the end of this month. It took Queen Victoria Eugénie, used as she was to the comparatively free and easy life that was hers as Princess Ena of Battenberg, some little time to grow accustomed to the more formal atmosphere of the Spanish Court; and Lady Carisbrooke, as Lady Irene Denison, enjoyed an even wider measure of liberty than her husband's sister. However, no doubt her year's training as daughter-in-law of the King's aunt will stand her in good stead; and both Princess Beatrice and her husband will be able to give her valuable hints as to what, in Spanish eyes, is accounted the "Right Thing."

War Worker Engaged. The engagement of Miss Stella Drummond to Lord Eustace Percy recalls the days when the presence of educated women in munition factories was rather less common than now. The bride-elect was one of the pioneers who helped to convince a world of unwilling officials that women could be usefully employed in the manufacture of munitions of war, and has personal experience of what it feels like to be a factory "hand," as well as forewoman in charge of a group of machines. Incidentally, she is a fine type of the athletic girl and a keen tennis-player.

"Mentioned." Lord Dalmeny's recent "mention" by General Allenby is not the first time Lord Rosebery's heir has figured as a possible recipient of war honours—one of which, in the form of the M.C., has already been awarded him for service in Egypt. Military merit is not, however, his only claim to distinction. One of the "Lordly" triumvirate who made great reputations in the cricket-field, Lord Dalmeny has also, though in a lesser degree, distinguished himself in the political arena. He was only twenty-four when he exchanged the life of a "guardee" for the more strenuous one of Member for Mid-Lothian; but his political fervour proved unequal to the thick-and-thin type of Liberalism expected.



TO WED ON OCT. 22: MISS JOAN DU BOULAY—CAPTAIN AMBROSE J. R. WALLER.

Miss Nina Joan du Boulay is the youngest daughter of Captain Ernest de Vismes du Boulay, late R.H.A., and Mrs. du Boulay, of St. John's Park, Ryde. Captain Ambrose J. R. Waller is in the Essex Regiment.—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry.]



ENGAGED TO MAJOR-GENERAL W. M. THOMSON, C.B., M.C.: MISS ETHEL V. DAVIDSON.

Miss Davidson is the youngest daughter of Mr. Duncan Davidson, of Inchmarlo, Aberdeenshire. Major-General W. M. Thomson, C.B., M.C., Seaforth Highlanders, Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force, is the youngest son of the late Captain W. Thomson, of the same regiment.—[Photo. Bassano.]



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN J. I. R. PAULSON: MISS BEATRICE PARTRIDGE.

Miss Beatrice Partridge is the second daughter of Sir Cecil and Lady Partridge, of Westcliff Towers, Westcliff-on-Sea. Captain Paulson, Hereford Regiment, is the youngest son of Dr. and Mrs. Paulson, of The Wilderness, Dartmouth.

Photograph by Bassano.



ENGAGED TO LIEUT. D. P. LINLITHGOW: MISS D. HUGHES-ONSLow.

Miss D. Hughes-Onslow is the only daughter of the late Major Hughes-Onslow, 10th Royal Hussars, of Alton Albany, Barr, Ayrshire. Lieutenant D. P. Linlithgow is in the Royal Dragoons.—[Photo. Bassano.]



MARRIED: MAJOR ALFRED GUY CLARKE—MISS STELLA G. LAING.

Major Alfred Clarke, A.O.D., is the youngest son of the late Mr. A. Dudley Clarke, and Mrs. Clarke, of Glen Road, Boscombe. Miss Stella Gertrude Laing (Mrs. Clarke) is the second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. Gowans Laing, of Netherby House, Latham, Lancashire. The marriage took place on Sept. 24, at St. John's Church, Burscough.

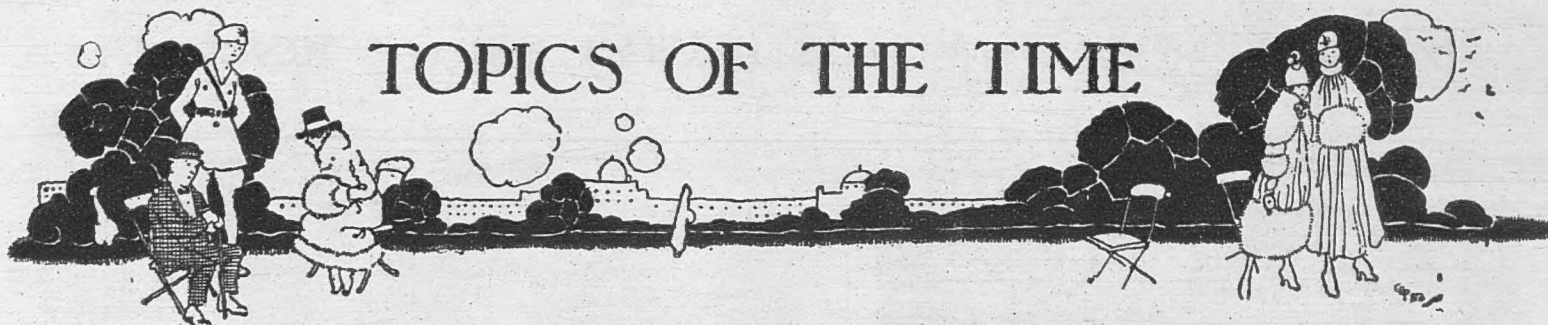
HULLO, ELSIE! THE PICK OF THE PALACE BASKET.



A STUDY IN EYES—AND LIDS: MISS ELSIE JANIS AS THE STOWAWAY IN "HULLO, AMERICA!"
AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

Miss Elsie Janis has added one more to her many triumphs in revue. As we mentioned under our portraits of her last week, she arrives on the stage of the Palace in the first scene of "Hullo, America!" as a stowaway in a basket of goods consigned to the Y.M.C.A. The said

stowaway is a wild American girl, Yvonne Iris Fiammetta Lane, who makes havoc in the heart of a certain Englishman, Peter Sheriff, played by Mr. Owen Nares. In this scene they sing a duet, "The Picture I Want to See."—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU and I are not, after all, to have our poor nerves tried by gunfire every time the National War Savings Committee enters upon a fresh campaign of collection. For this relief, much thanks to the *Daily Chronicle*.

The "banging" of so much money in the space of a second would for ever have obliterated from all records of profligacy the story of the rash and hazardous Scotsman's explosive "saxpence."

Permit me to present to you three phases of a little dream I dreamed before they overthrew that very idiotic scheme.

A man there was who 'd hoarded by his savings for a day of rain. And conscience tempted him to try the famous "Feed the Guns" campaign. But ere he could transfer his stock there came a most outlandish din, from which he promptly died of shock—and all went to his next of kin!

A man there was (a nervous sort) who wrote a cheque to "Feed the Guns"; but all at once a loud report suggested countless flights of Huns! Alas! he left the cheque unsigned, and did the record sprint of sprints; and, leaving not a trace behind, has never once been heard of since!

A man there was of thrifty bent, but generous for all his care, who had a sum of money sent to help the "Feed the Guns" affair. But had they blown his cash away, to satisfy sensation's thirst, he would have cried, "Next time they come for aid I'll see them jiggered first!"

When you agree to purchase an estate "lock, stock, and barrel," you don't always bargain for the scene of their murderous employment; and the Glasgow gentleman who has bought 2000 acres in



YOU'RE WRONG! NOT PRESIDENT WILSON, BUT MR. RALPH FAULKNER.

The photographs on this page show Mr. Ralph Faulkner as President Wilson in the William Fox Moving Picture drama, "The Prussian Cur." Certainly, he makes a first-rate "double."

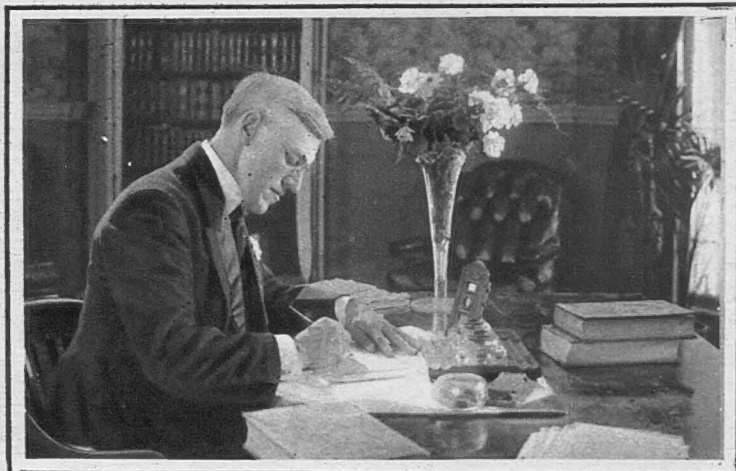
Perthshire, and found them to include the battlefield of Killiecrankie, is unreservedly entitled to my warmest sympathy.

In Scotland, where they fish and shoot in almost any kind of weather, and say "wee drappie" and "hoot-toot," and little else, for days together, I'd love a place to match my suit, a mixture which they call a "heather."

(I'm rather skinny in the stilts, and altogether lean and lanky, for donning sporrans, hose, and kilts—the last no bigger than a hanky—and wearing swords with curly hilts, and dirks, and all that hanky-panky!)

In Scotland, where they shoot and fish with wondrous skill the fin and feather, and make of mealy things a dish that no one dares to say is leather, it is my very dearest wish one day my little flock to tether.

It's all right—you needn't worry! Everything within reason is being done to meet the situation; and if a popular actress has her



THE PRESIDENT WILSON OF THE MOVIES: MR. RALPH FAULKNER IN "THE PRUSSIAN CUR."

latest frocks from Paris delivered by aeroplane, as is said to be the case by a very well-known newspaper, why shouldn't yours come by the same carriers?

Don't ask me how the petrol permish for this luxurious accommodation is obtained, for I am not in the know, and inquiries on your behalf might lead to trouble—if by a dreadful stroke of chance they penetrated the red-tape entanglements of officialdom and fell plump into the hands of responsible authorities! Such cases have been known, I am told; and it is well to be on your guard, even against the seemingly impossible. So, as I said before—and as Vesta Victoria sang some hundreds of times in days gone by—"It's no good your asking me." Hope that the airman does not drop your parcel into the sea is all that your anxiety need take the form of.

When the Mermaids of the Channel gave their Millionth Annual Ball, on the lovely slimy surface of the floor of Coral Hall, there was one who was unanimously greeted as their Queen by the Mermen and their partners of this animated scene.

For a gown she wore a pinkish and a shimmering affair, which in front was cut obliquely from the shoulders down to there; and apparently there wasn't any camisole between. (I am rotten at describing ladies' dresses, as you've seen.)

To a writer from the *Starfish* she confided (which was true) that the gown and other dainty things had fallen from the blue. She presumed a careless airman, gaping idly at the scene, hadn't felt the parcels slipping from the back of his machine.

A. B. M.

IN A GARDEN FAIR: MISS MIMI CRAWFORD AT HOME.



A "MAN'S JOB": MISS CRAWFORD TRIMS HER TREES.



A COAL-RATION COUNTER-MOVE: LOG-CUTTING FOR FUEL.



A SMART BATSWOMAN: MISS CRAWFORD AS CRICKETER.



PUTTING THINGS STRAIGHT: WANTED—A SCYTHE!



IN THE FASHION: "BOBBING" A TREE'S HAIR.



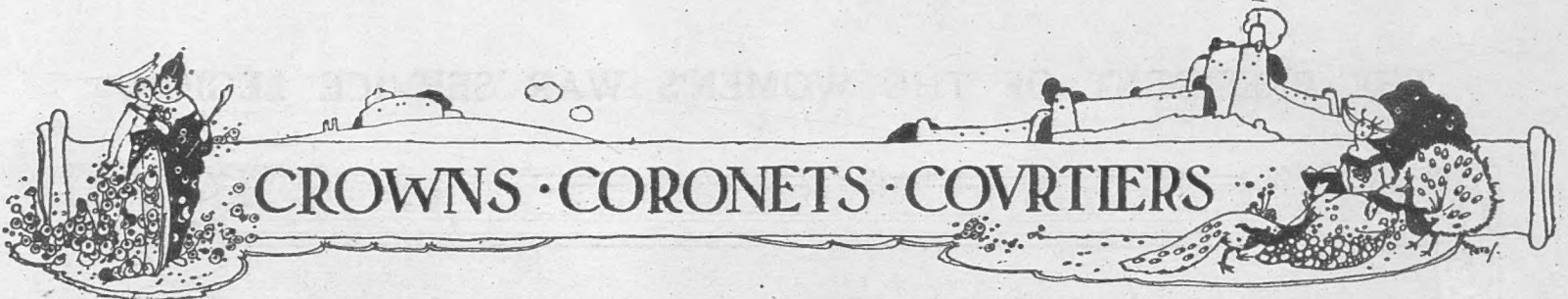
NOT EASILY BEATEN: CLIPPING A HEDGE.



A WELL-EARNED REST: MISS CRAWFORD AT THE END OF HER TASK.

The strenuous life of the stage no doubt lends additional charm to the delights of a rural retreat within reasonable distance of the scene of the stage success which Miss Mimi Crawford has won in succeeding Miss Lily St. John as the piquant and dainty Nichette, the studio maid, in

the second edition of "Yes, Uncle!" which is being given at the Shaftesbury. Our photographs show the popular and very talented young actress in the garden of the new house which she has taken in a pleasant suburb of North London.—[Photographs by News Illustrations Co.]



MR. EDWARD MARSH, C.B., who is again at his old and congenial post as Mr. Winston Churchill's private secretary, loses a great friend in Mr. Robert Ross. Not only Mr. Churchill, but Mr. Asquith too, was vastly influenced by Mr. Ross in all opinions about works of art; and, had he lived, he would undoubtedly have been placed in some official position in the world of pictures. One little story, not included among the recently published *Reminiscences*, of his literary tastes, Mr. Ross used to tell, as if rather against himself. It was the day of George Meredith's death; and Robbie Ross and Henry James happened to be hanging up their hats together in the cloak-room of the Reform Club. "Meredith was not a literary artist," ventured Robbie Ross. Henry James hesitated, hummed, and hawed. Then he said, "Meredith was not a literary artist, but—he overwhelmed me!" Robbie Ross, telling the tale, said it was his own turn to be overwhelmed.



A NEW PEERESS: VIS-COUNTRESS FALMOUTH.

The wife of the eighth Viscount Falmouth (who, before his recent succession to the title was Captain the Hon. Evelyn Hugh John Boscawen, Grenadier Guards) was, before her marriage, Miss Mary Margaret Desirée Meynell, daughter of the late Hon. Frederick George Lindley Meynell. She has a little son, born in 1916.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

After Fifty Years. The pretty Exeter home of the Iddesleighs, had a very full company of guests for the golden wedding of the host and hostess. The father of the present Peer, when he was Sir Stafford Northcote, had occasional political friends to stay at The Pynes, but he had no mission as an entertainer. Week-ends were not then an institution, and, in any case, Devonshire was just a little too far from town to offer temptations to the transitory guest. Sir Stafford himself was a little slow socially as well as politically; and when Sir John Pope Hennessy had to name a pair of ponies, one of them spry and one of them a laggard, he called the one Lord Randolph and the other Sir Stafford. The latter was the one he had to flick into liveliness. The present Peer knew all about it, for he was his father's secretary; but he was himself so little open to the charge of dilatoriness that he married when he was only twenty-three. Lady Iddesleigh was a Meysey-Thompson, and is a sister of Lord Knaresborough. Their son, Lord St. Cyres, who married six years ago at the maturer age of forty-three, is a man of parts, and a writer well fitted to deal with the history his grandfather helped to make.

An Extra Charge. Lady Butler's "Charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo" has been reproduced in Germany as a war postcard. It makes an admirable print thus reduced, and once again you almost hear the thunder of the charge. But the head-gear is changed—the bearskin has given place to the pickelhaube—and for our standard has been exchanged the German colours. The peculiar sabre carried by

the Scots Greys at Waterloo is there, though not conforming to any German pattern. Lady Butler, who is on a visit to London, and who received a copy of the card from an English soldier at the front who had found it in the pocket of a fallen German, had the strange experience of seeing her effort to depict the glory of British cavalry diverted by the enemy to his own use. The Kaiser is himself the possessor of a signed proof of the engraving of this picture—the last birthday present made to him by his uncle, Edward VII.



ENGAGED TO MR. HERBERT MANWARING: MISS V. E. M. KNIGHT.

Miss Violet Ellen Muriel Knight is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Knight, Dorincourt, Pyrford, Surrey, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Henry Knight, ex-Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Herbert Thomas Wickham Manwaring, Royal Air Force, is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Manwaring, of Plovers, Horsham, Kent.

Photograph by Bassano.

The Role of the Stonors. The Stonors are born courtiers. They have almost a hereditary right to serve hereditary Kings. The new Deputy Master of the Household, Mr. Julian Stonor, is a grandson of the Lord Camoys who was Queen Victoria's favourite Lord-in-Waiting, and whose brother succeeded him in the same post. The new official can look ahead as well as backward in the family's records of their connection with royalty, for his nephew, Mr. Francis Stonor, became a Page of Honour to the King a year after the war began. The women of the family have been as much counted upon at Court as the men. The Hon. Mrs. Stonor, the great Sir Robert Peel's daughter, was Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Alexandra when Princess of Wales; and the Marquise d'Hautpoul is



WIFE OF A NEW PEER: THE HON. LADY BATHURST.

The Hon. Lady Bathurst is the wife of Sir Charles Bathurst, K.B.E., M.P., of Lydney Park, Gloucestershire. Before her marriage she was the Hon. Bertha Susan Lopes, daughter of the first Baron Ludlow. She is much interested in getting women-workers on the land. Her husband, also, is keenly interested in agricultural matters.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

Mr. Julian Stonor's sister. What gives an unexpectedly romantic touch to this close alliance is the coincidence that other members of the family have held a similar position of confidence at the Papal Court. When Queen Victoria and Leo XIII. were celebrating jubilees that fell together, a Stonor at Windsor wrote to a Stonor at the Vatican to arrange for an interchange of courtesies that now form a footnote to history.

Convalescent. All London, and not London alone, was rejoiced to learn, on good authority, that Marshal Joffre was recovering, if not wholly recovered, from the attack of influenza which compelled him to postpone his visit to London, originally arranged for Oct. 11. In England, as in France, the Marshal is an immensely popular personage. A gallant soldier, there is much of the paternal element in his nature, as is shown in his sobriquet of "Papa."

A Later Victim of the "Flu." M. Clemenceau is so popular a personage that he will have wide sympathy on both sides of the Channel in the death of Staff-Lieutenant Young, his son-in-law, who has fallen a victim to the grippe. He had only recently married M. Clemenceau's second daughter. He was a barrister, and had been awarded the Croix de Guerre.



VISCOUNTESS BOYNE AND HER YOUNGER SONS: NEW PORTRAITS.

Viscountess Boyne is seen in our photograph with her younger sons, the Hon. Desmond Claud Hamilton-Russell, born last year, and the Hon. Michael Gustavus, born in 1912. The Viscountess has three elder sons. Before her marriage she was Lady Margaret Selina Lascelles, daughter of the fifth Earl of Harewood, and is a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

THE PRESIDENT OF THE WOMEN'S WAR SERVICE LEGION.



AND FRIEND: THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

The Marchioness of Londonderry, President of the Women's War Service Legion, which has done such excellent work for the Armies by providing for them a steady supply of competent cooks, motor-drivers, and other useful aids to the prosecution of the war, is the wife of the seventh Marquess, and daughter of the first Viscount Chaplin. Like her father, she is fond of sport and of dogs, and one of her favourites, a wise and

faithful-looking creature, is seen with her in this characteristic photograph. The Marchioness was married in 1899, and has a son, Viscount Castlereagh, and three daughters. The Marquess of Londonderry, who succeeded in 1915, has served as an A.D.C. and has been mentioned in despatches. He was made an M.V.O. in 1903, was formerly M.P. for Maidstone, and is a Major in the Household Cavalry.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

CHAUFFEUSE ; NURSE ; "VET." ; PANTRY-MAID : WAR-WORKERS.



1. DRIVING AN A.S.C. CAR ATTACHED TO THE CANADIAN FORESTRY CORPS : LADY ROSAMOND BUTLER.
3. WORKING WITH THE ARMY VETERINARY SERVICE : MISS DAISY ST. CLAIR MANDER.

Lady Rosamond Butler, who is in the Women's Legion, is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Carrick.—The Hon. Mrs. Michael Scott is the wife of Captain the Hon. Michael Scott, fourth son of the Earl of Eldon. Captain Scott, who is an Assistant Military Landing Officer, is a

2. NURSING AT THE COULTER HOSPITAL : THE HON. MRS. MICHAEL SCOTT.
4. PANTRY-MAID AT THE WEYMOUTH MILITARY HOSPITAL : MRS. LINDSAY STEWART.

well-known golfer.—Miss Daisy St. Clair Mander is the only daughter of Sir Charles T. Mander, Bt.—Mrs. Lindsay Stewart is the wife of Mr. Lindsay Stewart, Lieutenant, 16th Lancers, serving at the Front, and daughter of the late Mr. Gerald Arbuthnot.

TABLEAUX FOR CHARITY: A CARISBROOKE MATINÉE STAR.



THE PAVILION'S "SPIRIT OF FRANCE": MRS. VERNON CASTLE

Mrs. Vernon Castle arranged to appear, as "The Spirit of France," at the Palace War Charity Matinée in honour of Marshal Joffre—an occasion postponed owing to his illness; and, instead, arranged to appear at the London Pavilion Matinée in aid of Lady Carisbrooke's Matinée for Lady

Londesborough's Hospital and the Minesweepers' Fund. Mrs. Castle is an American, and before her marriage, some five years ago, was never on the stage. At the time of her husband's death, last February, she was playing "lead" in "The Century Girl," in New York.—[Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild.]

A MUSE OF THE OTHER SIDE : TERPSICHORE UP TO DATE.



HIGH PRIESTESS OF A TEMPLE OF DANCING IN THE U.S.A. : MISS HELEN MOLLER,
HEAD OF THE HELEN MOLLER DANCERS.

Miss Helen Moller is very well known in New York, where she has a | their training. She gives performances at the Metropolitan Opera House,
wonderful Temple of Dancing, at which the pupils of her school receive | and is particularly noted for her outdoor dancing.

Photograph by Maurice Goldberg.



THE SUNSHINE GIRL.

FROM THE PAINTING BY RAPHAEL KIECHNER.

(Original in the Possession of the Bruton Galleries, Bruton Street, W.)

"ROSES OF DECEMBER": A POSY OF POSES — RA



IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1918" AT THE WINTER GARDEN,
NEW YORK: MISS BETTY FITCH.



A STRIKING POSE: DORSHA — AT

The Winter Garden is one of the most popular of New York's places of amusement. As our photographs sufficiently prove, it is a garden devoted to the cultivation of rare blooms of beauty—winter flowers that eclipse the glories of summer, recalling Swinburne's lines to the effect: that "roses of

RE BLOOMS FROM NEW YORK'S WINTER GARDEN.



THE WINTER GARDEN, NEW YORK.



APPEARING IN THE REVUE AT THE WINTER GARDEN, NEW YORK :
MISS BETTY FITCH—ANOTHER PORTRAIT.

December the frosts of June shall fret." The two examples here illustrated are to be seen in the revue at the Winter Garden, "The Passing Show of 1918." Unconventionality, as well as charm, is never far to seek at the Winter Garden.—[Photographs by Count J. de Sirelecki.]

THE FINISHING TOUCH



POWDRETTE DUBARRY

THE IDEAL PORTABLE FACE POWDER

A dainty necessity to be carried in every hand-bag. Lighter than Thistle-down, finer than Gossamer, soft enough, silky enough, clinging enough, to appeal irresistibly to the most critical.

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81 Brompton Road, London, S. W. 1.

A great improvement on the hard, compressed portable face powders hitherto used. Sent post free on receipt of remittance by the manufacturers. In 2 sizes, price 1/6 and 2/6 per box, including puff.

A SUN - WORSHIPPER : INVOKING THE DAWN.



THE CULT OF OUTDOOR DANCING IN THE STATES: A DANCER OF THE HELEN MOLLER SCHOOL.

Outdoor dancing has become a very popular pursuit across the Atlantic. Many of its devotees practise their art among the woods and mountains and by the sea. In New York itself, as mentioned under her portrait,

Miss Helen Moller conducts a Temple of Dancing where the open-air style is practised. If the stage is less vast than Nature provides in the country, there is plenty of room for graceful posing and movement.

Photograph by Maurice Goldberg.

IN FARCE—MUSICAL AND OTHERWISE: TWO POPULAR ACTRESSES.



1. AS SIDONIE DE MATISSE IN "TELLING THE TALE," AT THE AMBASSADORS': MISS MARIE BLANCHE.

Miss Marie Blanche takes the part of a dashing actress in "Telling the Tale," a musical farce adapted from the farcical play, "Oh, I Say!" She has several good songs, including "Sidonie de Matisse" (the name of her character), "Poor Dear Eve," and a duet, "South Sea Islands."

2. AS LUCILLE DE VIVONNE IN "A WEEK END," AT THE KINGSWAY THEATRE: MISS YVONNE ARNAUD.

"A Week End" is a farce of the usual type, without music, concerning the escapade of two fickle husbands with a pair of lady friends. Miss Yvonne Arnaud, as Lucille de Vivonne, is one of them, and plays with her accustomed piquancy and dainty charm.

THE CAMERA IN SOCIETY: A NEW PORTRAIT.



LORD GUERNSEY'S MOTHER: LADY GUERNSEY, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE EARL OF AYLESFORD.

Lady Guernsey is the widow of the late Captain Lord Guernsey, who was in the Irish Guards, and was killed in the war in 1914, leaving a son, now Lord Guernsey, born in 1908, grandson of the eighth Earl of Aylesford. Lady Guernsey, to whom the late Lord Guernsey was married

in 1907, was, before her marriage, well known in Society as the Hon. Gladys Cecil Georgina Fellowes, daughter of the second Baron De Ramsey. Her son bears the Christian and family names of Heneage Michael Charles Finch, and is heir to the Earldom of Aylesford.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.



THE BURNING QUESTION.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

I OVERHEARD yesterday between two charming women the following dialogue, which sounded very much like a story of blackmail—indeed, of the blackest and malest—with a sad spice of conjugal deception thrown in.

"Oh, it is too terrible!" was wailing the first woman in semi-whisper. "I really don't know what to do!"

She was the pretty, helpless, and yet petulant sort of woman to whom things do happen.

The sympathy of the second one was so discreet that I could not hear what she said.

"When?" resumed the helpless one.

"Oh, two months ago—and the waiting is just wearing me to a shadow. It's all my fault. I should have expected it—oh, well, what is the good now? I haven't told John yet, but he is bound to know some time, and then—I suppose he'll live at his club after that! It's going to break up our home, my dear!"

Here the second woman made a subdued suggestion.

"But I have called on Him, my dear—in my *chic-est chapeau*, and on my bended knees. I begged Him, I implored Him, I signed everything he asked me to" ("foolish woman," I thought)—"I was simply reckless! But I am afraid it was too late! And now I dare not leave the house in case He should send someone at last. I want to be there to pay these men well—to bribe them, in fact. I'd do anything to—"

Here I had a strong impulse to turn to the sweet sinner, and, like a sister, say to her, "Confess, my dear; go to your John, ask

him to forgive you, and defy Him—the other, the blackmailer who renders life a terror for you."

But it was just as well I turned my tongue seven times in my mouth, so to speak, before speaking, for—"All I have left," she concluded, "is about half-a-ton, and as much coke."

Didn't it make your mouth water—or, more exactly, warm up your heart and your feet—to hear of the magnificent discovery by Captain Wilde, who was one of the Shackleton pioneers, of vast coal and iron areas in the white, wild, wide land? Iron is, of course, very useful. Curling-tongs and bedsteads are made with it, and where should we be without either? Floored absolutely! But iron, compared with coal, leaves me cold. Imagine miles and miles of mines and mines of coal modestly waiting to be taken away—just a pickaxe and a ticket to Spitzberg, and there you are!

The Fates are not fair. It has been said before, and better; but, *ça m'est égal*, I like to repeat it, and it makes no difference! The Fates are very unfair, *là voilà*. Consider, rather, that all the extravagant ones—those who two or three years ago invested in vests and everything else of Milanese silk—will now reap the reward of their extravagance in the cheap comfort of cosy underwear; while the economical ones—those who have put off from winter to winter buying things with the optimistic, "Oh, next year, when the war is over!"—where are they now? Either under patches (not the green patches in the churchyard grey, which are not pretty), or else caught in the meshes of Milanese at three times the price. Ah, you are quite right when you say this English proverb, "Virtue is its owner's regret." Quite so!

What price trousseaux these days? Which does not prevent quite an epidemic in weddings just now.

I spoke specially of silk because, though I can understand wool being wanted for the Army, I don't see why silk should be scarce. Women haven't the Lyons' share, anyway! Of course, we don't grudge our brothers in arms anything—they are welcome to our last layer of lace, should they want it.

Then who causes a corner in combs, and stockings? Don't talk to me, then, of stockings. We do not all dare bare arms—legs, rather—against the price of stockings by just doing without them, as Mlle. Edmée Dormeuil, who appears at the Ambassadors' proudly poised on two pink (though unblushing) and charming calves! And I am not quite convinced that it is in the cause of economy, but because she is sure of what she shows! What she lacks in stockings she makes up for in shoes, having a collection of some fifty pairs—all pre-war, says she—all daintiness itself, and all size 2.

From the fair Edmée I think of "Ninette," and that reminds me of a little masterpiece in the form of a toy which is just now enlivening the London shops. It is a true likeness of "Ole Bill" as immortalised by Bouchier. It is only sawdust and stockinet, but its expression! You almost expect it to burst into the favourite song of Bill the Bold, "Old Sodgers never die—They simply f-i-i-de away!"



FILM FAVOURITES : THREE STARS OF THE CINEMA STAGE.



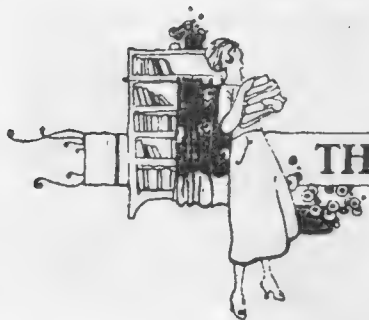
1. IN "PRUNELLA," A FANTASY BY GRANVILLE BARKER AND LAURENCE HOUSMAN: MISS MARGUERITE CLARK.

2. IN "THE MATING OF MARCELLA": MISS DOROTHY DALTON.

3. IN "NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY": MISS ENID BENNETT (MRS. FRED NIBLO).

Miss Marguerite Clark, a *petite* film-actress who specialises in fairy tales, such as "The Seven Swans," has also been seen lately in "Prunella" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She is engaged to First-Lieutenant H. Palmerson Williams (American Army), of New Orleans.—Miss Dorothy Dalton won film fame as "The Dance-Hall Girl." In her latest picture

she appears as a New York mannequin, wearing gorgeous gowns. Miss Enid Bennett hails from Australia, and was once in an office at Perth. She was touring America with a dramatic company when she took to film work, appearing in "Naughty, Naughty" and "The Keys of the Righteous."



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



IF the story of a man's life is to be written at all, it is better that he should write it himself. He may not know his own character; but his biographer might not know it either; and, if we are to have a fancy portrait, let the man himself draw it—then, however much his vanity may lead him to suppress or idealise, he can't prevent his true personality from escaping between the lines.

So it is satisfactory to notice that this autumn is to be rich in autobiography. Within the next few weeks we are to have from Murray "Some Recollections," by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge; from Macmillan, "Musings and Memories of a Musician" by Sir George Henschel; from Nisbet, "Press, Platform, and Parliament," by "Sub Rosa, M.P." (otherwise known as Spencer Leigh Hughes); A. G. Hales's "My Life of Adventure," from Hodder and Stoughton; and here at this moment on my table are three new autobiographies which I have read with unqualified interest.

First, for charm of style, descriptive power, and subtlety of self-analysis, is "Far Away and Long Ago," by that distinguished naturalist and man of letters, W. H. Hudson. No famous figures walk across his pages—such were not to be met in the wilds of South America, where he was born and spent his boyhood—and he only brings his record down to about his fifteenth year; but he sketches the characters of his family circle, his friends, and neighbours—quaint and delightfully picturesque persons; some of them—with so cunning a hand that he makes you know them almost as intimately as he knew them in the days he so vividly remembers.

Professor Sully, unfolding the record of his own brilliant career in "My Life and Friends," inevitably brings you acquainted with many famous late-Victorians. There are excellent pen-portraits of George Eliot, Herbert Spencer, Leslie Stephen, William James, Meredith, and others; and Mr. Sully has a shrewd gift for touching in anecdotes concerning them that are revealing or amusing, or both.

Good anecdotes about well-known people are scattered freely through the entertaining "Chapters from My Life," by Sir Henry Lunn. His interests run less to literature than to religious affairs and politics. One of his most attractive character-sketches is of Mrs. Asquith; and he is somewhat severe with E. F. Benson for taking her as the model for his "Dodo." In the bad old times when Mr. Lloyd George was saying and doing things for which no good Conservative could love him he arrived at 10, Downing Street, writes Sir Henry, while Mrs. Asquith, Lady Dorothy Nevill, and Sir Henry stood chatting together on the hearth-rug; and when he had made his greetings and passed on—

"What do you mean by inviting me to meet that man?" said the little Tory lady whose chronicles of the last half-century are so amusing. "You would not mind, my dear," replied Mrs. Asquith, "if I invited you to meet the devil."

"Certainly not," retorted Lady Dorothy; "certainly not—that would be quite another matter."

Once Sir Henry crossed the Atlantic on the same steamer as General Booth, and then, as on all his voyages, the General lost

no opportunity of inveigling his fellow-passengers into kneeling in prayer with him—

Referring to a voyage with Rudyard Kipling on a P. and O. steamer from India, the General said: "I got him on his knees in his cabin. Rudyard was not very far from the Kingdom then."

There is a pleasant Victorian atmosphere about the opening stages of "My Father's Son," by W. W. Penn; and the whole story is of a kind that will delight all who are susceptible to the fascination of William De Morgan. It comes as fiction, but is so quietly realistic that it might well be actual autobiography. The author protests in a prefatory letter against the sex studies and abnormal scoundrels that riot in modern English novels. He was himself neither a Jekyll nor a Hyde, he says, but a little of the two. His tale moves among very middle-class people, and tells how he came to commit the crime which drove him out of England into exile. He was no

monster, he pleads; just a clever, but mean person. "The culmination of my frailties, it is true, was boldly unprincipled; but it was achieved in a semi-romantic frenzy of despair."

Clever but mean, too, and a moral coward, was Oliver Lawrence, the hero of "A Chaste Man." He was not even chaste, except in the most narrowly literal sense of the word. And his story is one of those sex studies that William Penn says he is sick of reading; but I will guarantee that if William began to read it he would have to go on to the finish. Oliver is an exasperating prig, and when he has to suffer for his superficial chastity and lose the girl he loves, and settle down to a humdrum, suffocatingly suburban existence with the sterile, shallow wife who bores and irritates him, you are satisfied that he has got the fate that such a man deserves. A remarkably promising first book.

Noel, whose further adventures are related in the continuation of Gilbert Cannan's epic of that title, is as sexually obsessed as Oliver, but at least he has the courage of his weaknesses. He is a prig too, and an unpleasant prig; and the wit and merciless satire with which Mr. Cannan embroiders the lively chronicle of his progress only accentuates that priggishness. But why sneer so violently at Victorian manners and moral ideals? Isn't it as primitive and

parochial to do that as to laugh at the dress and behaviour of foreigners? To each age its own characteristics; our own will be satirised in turn, for we are probably not so advanced as we think we are. Meanwhile, it is time we all gave the Victorian era a rest and found another guy.



FAMED FOR HER DANCING—AND HER DRESS:
MRS. VERNON CASTLE.

It was arranged that Mrs. Vernon Castle should appear as The Spirit of France in a tableau at the (now postponed) Joffe matinée at the Palace. She has offered to appear in a propaganda film-play for the Allies.

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild.

BOOKS TO READ.

- Far Away and Long Ago. By W. H. Hudson. (Dent.)
- My Life and Friends: A Psychologist's Memories. By James Sully. (Fisher Unwin.)
- Chapters from My Life. By Sir Henry Lunn. (Cassell.)
- My Father's Son. By W. W. Penn. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
- A Chaste Man. By Louis Wilkinson. (Heinemann.)
- Noel: Part III. Cantos 3 and 4. By Gilbert Cannan. (Grant Richards.)
- The Pillar of Fire. By H. C. Bailey. (Methuen.)
- Forty New Poems. By W. H. Davies. (Fifield.)



STAR TURNS

THE PROBLEM PLAY.

We are the wan and weary Folk
Who people Problem Plays;
We never smile—we never joke,
Unhealthy, morbid, drugged or "broke,"
We drag through cheerless days.

We dwell, as Problem people must,
In basements cold and bare,
Or shabby parlours full of dust—
Depressing themes are best discussed
In some dark, sunless lair.

For all of us, marked down by Fate,
Have something on our minds;
We treat the world to "Hymns of Hate,"
Or flop about, invertebrate
And flabbily resigned.

And as we gibber, weep and sigh,
Or drink an overdose,
The Author knows the reason why
We maunder on until we die,
Despairingly verbose.

Not one of us has ever met
Abdulla's joy and peace!
'Cause why? **Abdulla's Cigarette**
Would banish broodings and regret,
And Problem Plays would cease!

ABDULLA

THE STAR TURN ALWAYS

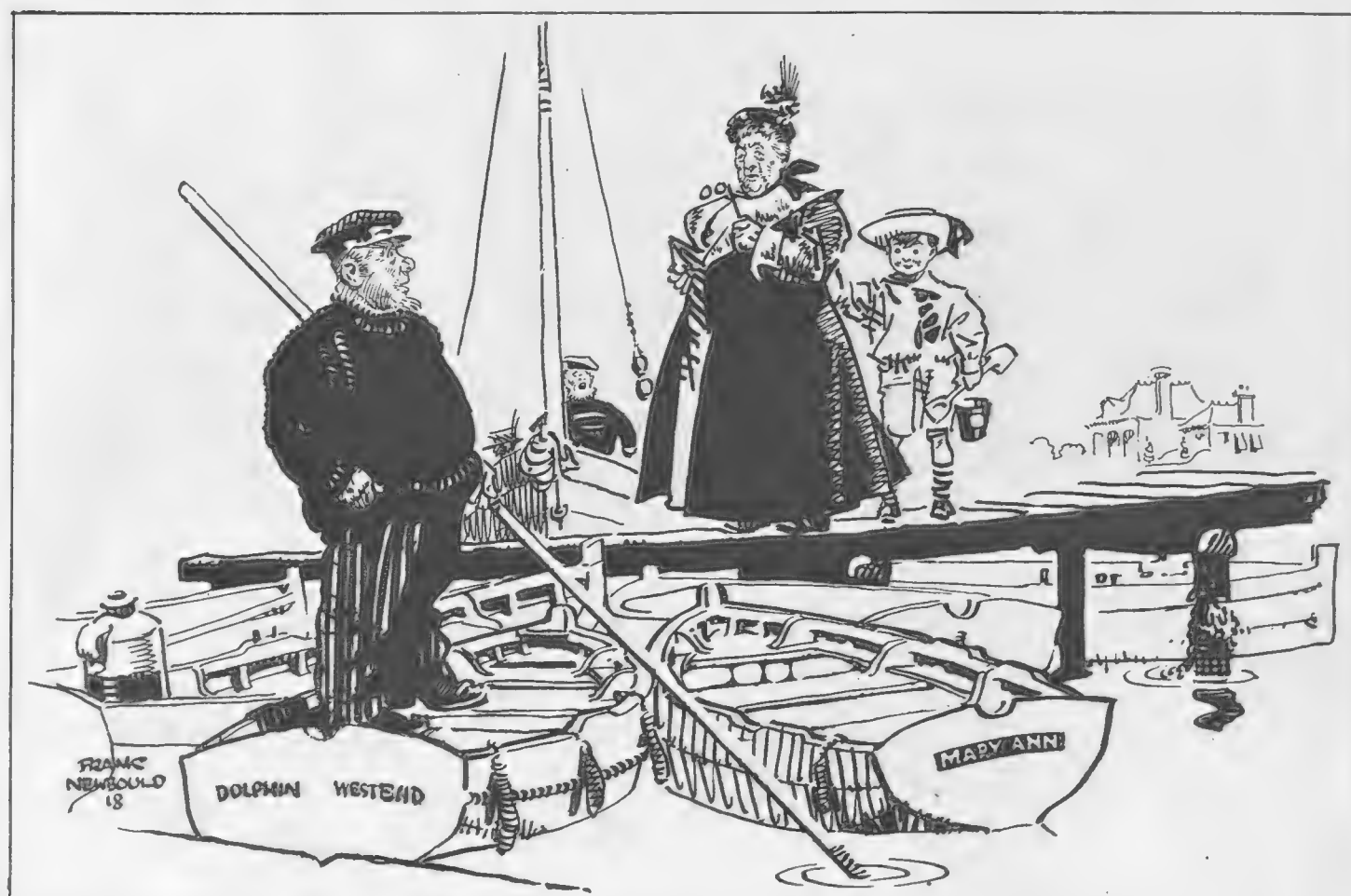
KAMERAD!



"These Yanks don't bear any malice. The other day, I heard one say to a prisoner, 'Shake, Jerry.'"

"And did he shake?"

"Yes, he shook like a blooming leaf!"



THE LONGSHOREMAN: Step aboard, lidy: fine day fer a sail.

THE NERVOUS OLD LADY: But are you sure you've no munitions on board?

DRAWINGS BY FRANK NEWBOULD.



“When will you girls be ready?”

SHE: “We’re ready now.”

HE (*to himself*): “That means at least ten minutes’ wait. Lucky I dropped in to buy some more Kenilworth Cigarettes—they are the only thing that will stay your impatience when

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AVIATORS AND THEIR PATRON SAINT.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

A VERY interesting movement in connection with aviation is on foot at the present moment, and appears to be making considerable headway. This is the formation of a Guild for Aviators somewhat on the lines of the old warrior Orders, such as the Knights Templars or the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Not being particularly learned in these matters, perhaps one is wrong in calling the Order of St. John a warrior Order—but, anyway, there is the general idea. In these prosaic twentieth-century days, full of mechanical instruments of war and things of that nature, such an Order may seem an anachronism; but the fact that so many Service aviators are joining the Guild proves definitely that there are many gallant young men who think otherwise. The particular Order in question is known as the Guild of St. Michael for Aviators, and has been founded by the Rev. A. N. Morgan, of St. Michael's Presbytery, at Ashford, Middlesex.

Elijah's Fiery Chariot.

For quite a long while there has been a prolific source of argument in the question as to who is by right the Patron Saint of aviators. In the very early days of flying it was assumed that the Prophet Elijah was obviously the right person to look after the interests of those who fly. It was argued that as he went to heaven in a fiery chariot, and was the first person definitely recorded as having gone aloft in a vehicle of any kind, he could claim to be the first aviator. Somewhere in the year 1909 a neat little medal was struck in France, bearing on one side St. Elijah in his fiery chariot, and on the other side some early aircraft—to wit, a 1909 type Blériot monoplane, a contemporary Wright biplane, and an Astra airship. These medals were very popular among the aviators of the period, who fixed them on their machines, just as motorists fix on their cars the medal of St. Sylvester, the Patron Saint of wayfarers.

Elijah's Cross-Jordan Flight.

It was also argued in favour of St. Elijah that, as he went aloft some thousands of years ago, and as nothing has been heard of him since, he must, if still climbing, have beaten all world's records for altitude and duration. Further, it has been suggested that the account of how he and his servant Elisha crossed the Jordan dry-footed when Elijah waved his mantle really indicates that they flew across the

very good reason that the last thing that any aviator desires is to find himself in an aircraft of any kind which is on fire in the air, as would be the case with a fiery chariot. Therefore, one comprehends the feeling in favour of St. Michael.

St. Michael's Prior Claims.

To begin with, St. Michael the Archangel has always been first and foremost a fighting angel, the leader of the heavenly hosts, and has always been victorious in his fights with the Angels of Darkness. To put it in the words of one of our aviators, St. Michael is the star-turn



AT A FRENCH SEAPLANE STATION ON THE MEDITERRANEAN COAST: SAILORS REPAIRING A SEAPLANE-BODY IN AN AEROPLANE SHOP.

British Official Naval Photograph.

fighting pilot, and he has brought down his enemies in flames—which is quite in the best modern fashion. Also, being an Archangel, it is assumed that St. Michael antedates Elijah quite considerably, the latter being a mere human person, and so has a prior claim to being the Patron Saint of aviators, besides having a superior claim on what a Tribunal might call "Occupational Grounds." The seriousness with which the Guild of St. Michael is regarded is shown by the fact that Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, journeyed to Ashford on St. Michael's Day to preach a special sermon at the inauguration of the Guild; and Father Morgan says that he has been inundated with letters from those who wish to join.

A Catholic Guild and a Protestant League.

As may have been gathered, the Guild of St. Michael is solely for the benefit of Roman Catholics, the members being actual aviators, and mere groundlings being associates; but one hears that an organisation on similar lines is being formed for Protestants—for St. Michael, be it remembered, is a Saint in the Protestant Calendar also. Certain Anglican padres who are interested in the Royal Air Force are consulting together as to the formation of a League of St. Michael for Aviators; and from what one can gather, such a League, when publicly launched, will find many adherents. Competition is always an excellent thing, and, with both a Guild and a League of St. Michael

in full being, much good may be done amongst the youngsters in the R.A.F. If both organisations are attended with the success which seems likely, St. Michael will have his hands fairly full looking after his protégés, especially when the aviators of the Guild and the aviators of the League begin competing openly with one another as to how many Huns each of them has brought down. Anyhow, the influence of the two organisations will certainly be very healthy for the R.A.F., and decidedly unhealthy for the enemy. The Church Militant has in all history been the most terrible form of militancy.



AT A FRENCH SEAPLANE STATION ON THE MEDITERRANEAN COAST: SETTING OUT FOR A BOMBING EXPEDITION.—[*British Official Naval Photograph.*]

Jordan in a machine of Elijah's own design and construction, before the fiery chariot was sent to fetch him, and that the fiery chariot may, in fact, have been his own machine which caught fire in the air.

Objections to St. Elijah.

On the other hand, it is held by those who disagree with the advocates of Elijah that, if the fiery chariot was sent to fetch him, he was merely a passenger and not the actual pilot. This, incidentally, is one of the arguments of the founder of the Guild of St. Michael. Others also hold that Elijah is disqualified as a Patron Saint for the

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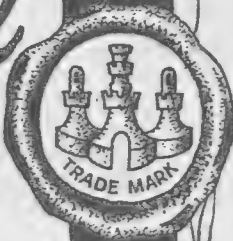
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and cultured smoker.

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WHEN VICTORY COMES.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



"Victory"

No longer now the envious hand of Age has power to tear the lover from his mate, to poison sacred wells of love with Death, and spoil each love embrace with tortured fear that it may be the last; to crush the heart of woman with the dread her child may never hold its father's hand.

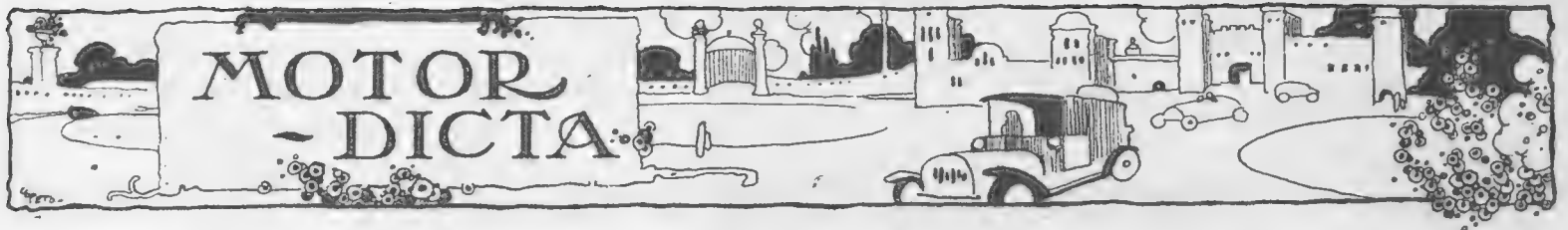
When Love is born again. After the ages of pain.
When Victory comes and Youth and Love can reign.
When Youth returns to the arms of the Beloved.
When long-craved hope is won. Wonderful hope, revelling in greatness. Wild, throbbing, absorbing, rising to a shout of joy. Intoxicated by power. Passionate! Overwhelming! Sweeping aside convention, tradition, all that is old, all that has lived and is dead.
The birth of a new World. A world of Love.
So Victory comes.

These impressions are not merely idealistic; they are written with a deep and personal knowledge of the mind of the fighting man, silently enduring hell, and with a great sympathy for Youth, who is paying the whole price in the World Tragedy.—H. D. B.

DAWN! The birth of a new world. The world of Youth.
A world in the birth throes of new and clean ideals born of the agony of years of bleeding and suffering.
The birth of Love. After ages of pain.
When Victory comes, and the foul menace of militarism is swept aside!
When Youth, the fetters struck from his limbs, the bandage loosed from his eyes, no longer gagged, a slave, stretches his weary limbs, gazes at the man-mutilated earth, and lifts his eyes to the Sun.
When the tortured world grows once more glad.
When the sap rises, the buds burst into leaves, the blossoms open, and peaceful skies ring with ecstatic songs of mating birds.
When a veil of flame-like flowers and cool green grasses is cast over the scarred and blistered battlefields. When children's laughter rings once more in ruined places and lovers make their tryst where desolation made its home.
When Victory comes.
The Victory that Youth has fought for, bled and died for.
The Victory of Youth—Love.

"Victory?"
In the council chambers: the shrill, triumphant squeals of the old men will issue forth. "It is our Victory! Look what we have gained!"
And Youth, fresh from the memories of the blood, the lice, the stench, the unspeakable filth, will listen with the smile of mockery to the sterile pipings of "Victory! Victory is ours!" from gnarled and skinny throats.
Youth alone has paid the price and alone will claim the Victory. Youth has for years been stricken down, bound hand and foot, hemmed in, thwarted, tongue-tied. Youth has wondered, questioned, fought and sought for some cleansing in the blood-bath. Youth has gained the Victory and brought an end to the Sacrifice, to the Holocaust of the boyhood of the world.
Youth has given everything, while Age, giving nothing, has taken all. And when Age croaks, despairing, "We have won the great Victory," they will be unheeded. Age has ruled in the past by hate, and the world is weary of hate. Youth will rule in the future by Love. And Love is not for the old, the impotent, the sterile. The boastful cries from withered throats will be unheard, drowned by the fierce pipings of Pan.
Victory means Peace, and Joy, and Life, and Love—a world which seeks beauty and does not goad to deeds of ugliness.
And Youth, his limbs unshackled, no more the slave of Age, his soul his own, is once more free and Lord of Life.
Then Victory comes.

Victory! And Love, crowned in roses, laughs aloud.
The rising sap, the mating birds, the bursting blossoms, the young things in the fields.



DORA AND MOTOR-CYCLES: ITALY AND JOY-RIDES.

BY GERALD BISS.

H EY PRESTO!—is your anarchical automobile registered under the Order emanating from the Road Transport Board? If not, hie thee hot-foot to the nearest police-station, and, if the blue-coated autocrats thereof be not on strike, crave humbly Form ZX9066218b—I *think* that is the number—fill it in with all due speed and accuracy, and send it off to the Home for Lost Automobiles at Battersea or whatever other internment H.Q. it may direct. Then await results in event of further strikes of the pampered, or other such commonplace occurrences amongst classes other than the patient, long-suffering automobilist, who from two decades of peaceful persecution has grown as tame as a tabby-cat and as tractable as a teetotaler. To him, from long abuse, Dora seems the most natural, logical, and unassuming young thing in the world.

Dora Disturbs the Motor-Cyclist. The merry motor-cyclist—that one favoured class of all motorists, if he be dug in lucratively in a munition factory instead of in a trench on the bob-a-nob principle—is the latest to come under her caprice, officially rated Regulation 9AA, which empowers "the competent naval or military authority to make orders prohibiting or restricting the having, keeping, or using of a motor-cycle" by any person except a soldier, a sailor, or a copper without permission from the said competent authority, naval or military, or the O.C. Police in the neighbourhood in which the two-wheeled automobilist resides. This competent authority (etc.) may enter and search on suspicion, and summarily seize, and so forth in the periphrastic jargon of the modern Doracle—a high-handed proceeding which would have caused little short of Bolshevik bloodshed and red revolution prior to Aug. 4, 1914. The owner, I presume by corollary, will doubtless be hanged, drawn, and quartered,



A SIGN OF RUBBER SHORTAGE IN GERMANY: A CAPTURED GERMAN BICYCLE WITH SPRINGS ROUND THE RIMS INSTEAD OF TYRES.

New Zealand Official Photograph.

and deemed forthwith to have been enlisted in the ranks of Shanks's Cavalry Brigade.

Dora's Motives and a Dangerous Precedent. Now what has the motor-cyclist done to lash Dora into such a frenzy, and put himself under such a dangerous and devastating ban? I have, as a precautionary measure, carefully posted a notice upon the portals of my minor mansion to the effect that no motor-cycles are concealed, harboured, or comforted upon the premises, lest I be called out of my chaste couch one cold, fireless night by masked inquisitors armed with

bayonets or truncheons, and forced to show them round the demesne from attic to chicken-run, from hoarded store-cupboard to coal-packed garage. This right of entry upon suspicion, camouflaged beneath an ardent interest in the prevention of



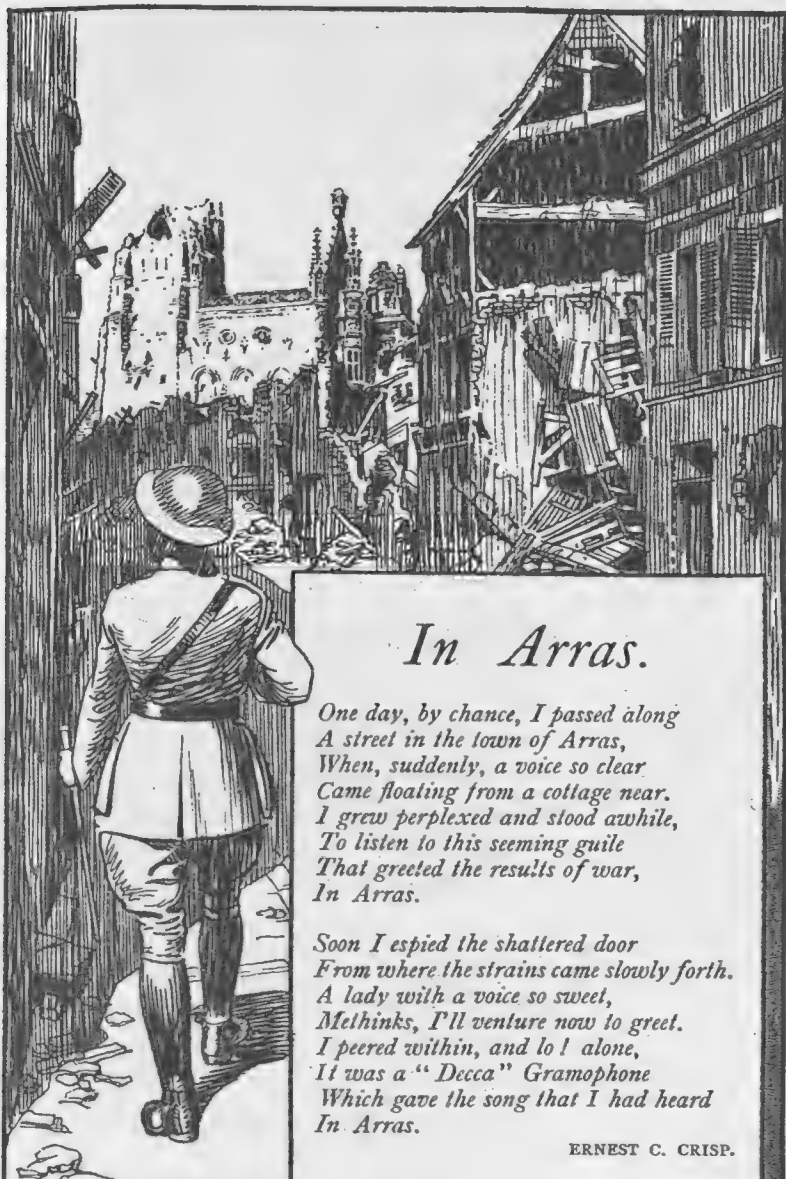
WITH ITS ROOF WELL CAMOUFLAGED: A FRENCH TANK, RETURNING FROM THE LINE NEAR TAHURE, CROSSING THE CROWS' WOOD.

French Official Photograph.

cruelty to motor-cycles, is a wonderful and a dangerous precedent. Can it be a matter of stern reprisals because the Petrol Prohibitors in an idle moment were caught napping, and permitted their democratic legs to be pulled by the mushroom National Motor-Cyclists' Fuel Union, whose avowed object is to obtain petrol for its members—munition-workers in the engineering trades—in return for their modest subscription of three-and-six per annum? Which would seem to suggest to the parched automobilist proper a similar National Motor-Owners' Fuel Union at the same low rate, though probably the results would prove less satisfactory, as they would not be deemed democratic enough to come within the meaning of the Order, or licensed to blackmail our temporary authorities. It is rumoured that Regulation 9AA will shortly be extended to motor-scooters, push-bikes, bath-chairs, and perambulators. But doubtless there is some excellent reason behind this belated precautionary measure anent motor-cycles in this the fifth and last lap of the Great Hurly-Burly—excellent, but obscure to all except the omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent "competent authority."

Italy's Way with Joy-Riders. The Italian authorities have brought psychological methods to bear upon the vexed and apparently universal question of joy-riding;

but their method is both drastic and ungallant, though said to be highly successful. They have simply barred women from using any sort of automobile for the duration; and, though some women in these days are very passable imitations of men, it is impossible to disguise the sex of the sort of woman a man—especially a gallant Italian—wants to take out for a joy-ride. Of course, this prohibition does not extend to fiction, or Mr. William Le Queux would be a ruined man at one stroke of the pen—not his own! Someone in authority in Italy must be the best-hated man in the country by his opposites in sex, and run a grave risk of a stiletto beneath his near third rib every dark night he ventures out. Probably he is a misogynist, some cynic crossed in love in the cerulean days of his youth. In this country our authorities have vaguely essayed to do the same thing, but in less abrupt and brutal fashion. In these days, when women have votes and there is a General Election in the near offing, authority has perforce to be more tactful in method.



In Arras.

*One day, by chance, I passed along
A street in the town of Arras,
When, suddenly, a voice so clear
Came floating from a cottage near.
I grew perplexed and stood awhile,
To listen to this seeming guile
That greeted the results of war,
In Arras.*

*Soon I espied the shattered door
From where the strains came slowly forth.
A lady with a voice so sweet,
Methinks, I'll venture now to greet.
I peered within, and lo! alone,
It was a "Decca" Gramophone
Which gave the song that I had heard
In Arras.*

ERNEST C. CRISP.

NOTE: PHILIP GIBBS, the War Correspondent, was one day walking through a street in Arras, when he suddenly heard a lady singing. He thought it rather odd that where so much danger lurked, a woman should still be there, singing at the top of her voice. He looked through the door and there saw an Officer playing a "Decca" Gramophone.

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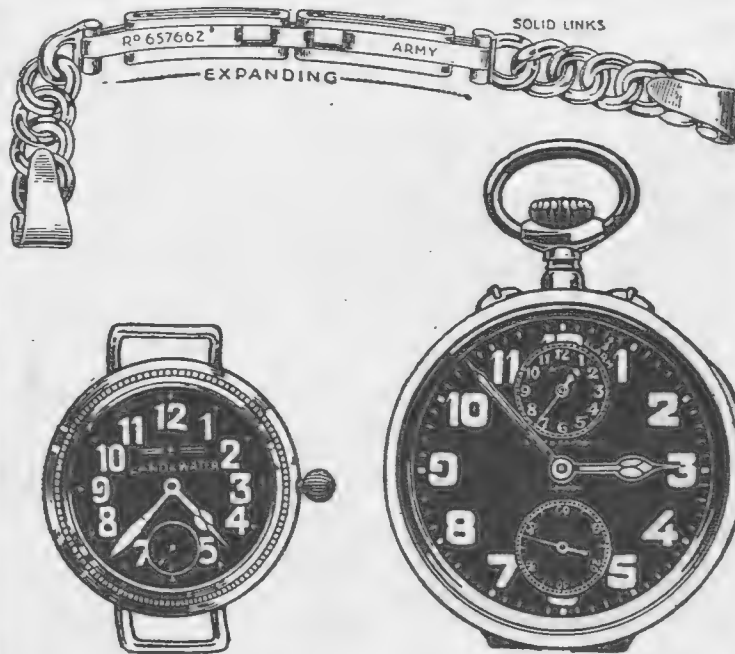


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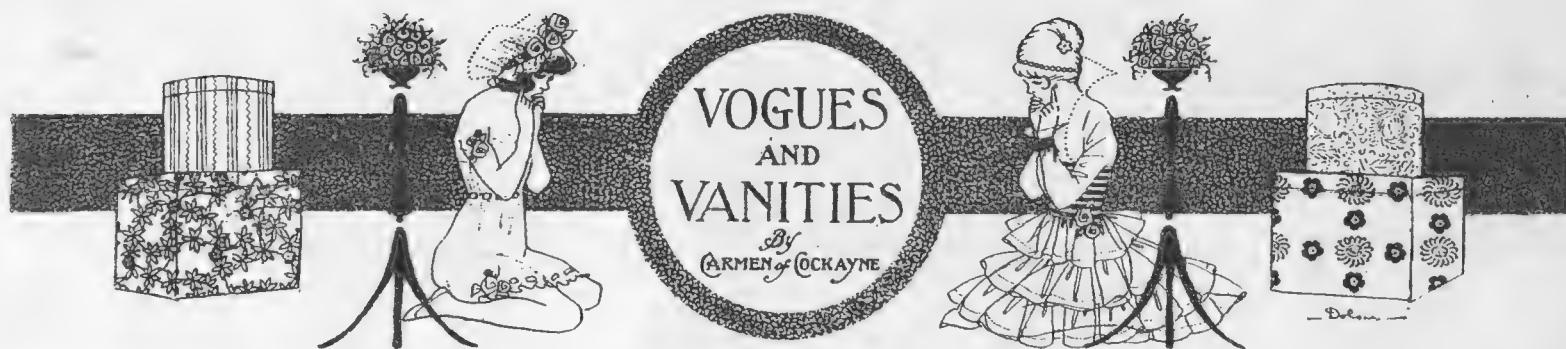
The "Land & Water" Wrist-Watch, in solid silver case, with unbreakable glass and fully luminous dial, 40 0 0

The "ARMY" Expanding Wristlet.

Has been brought out in response to the repeated requests from men on Active Service for a really reliable wristlet. The great strength is in the solid curb chain, and the two expanding links, fitted with finely tempered gold springs, which are rustless and of just the right tension to hold the wristlet and watch in any desired position, without slipping or sliding. Never any slackness, and cannot get out of order. Land and Water says: "Here is something that just grips the wrist enough to keep the watch in place, yet the grip is so slight that the wearer hardly knows it is there until he wants it." Willingly sent on approval on receipt of price, 21/- post free. Smaller size for Ladies' wear, same price. In 9-ct. gold, £5 10s., also in 15-ct. and 18-ct. gold. Mention exact size of wrist and width of watch from shackle to shackle, and the wristlet to fit you will be sent by return.

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What the Count Thinks About, It.

There are some people who think that women should give up wearing beautified frocks because it's war-time. Count Michael de Torby, only son of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Countess Torby, is not one of them. With the help of Mr. Reville, of 15, Hanover Square, he has enriched the world to the tune of at least two score beautiful frocks.

How It Happened.

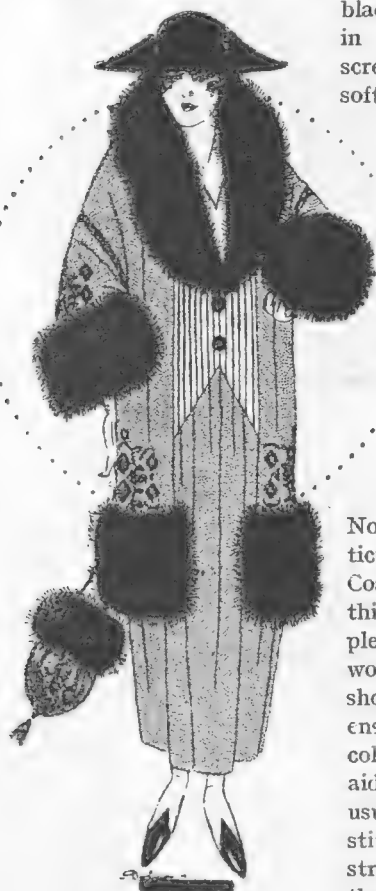
Just how a cousin of the late Tsar and a member of the Imperial House of Romanoff came to become a dress-designer is one of the queerest things that have happened since war began. When the Russian revolution engulfed his family, it swept away also the fortunes of the Grand Duke. The wildest Bolshie never suspected that at least one member of the royal family of Russia would have to set to work and earn his living. Count Michael decided to work, and joined the ranks of those who live by thinking out lovely frock-schemes for lovely women.

Not Usual.

It is not every day that the world has an opportunity of seeing an exhibition of dresses designed by a Russian Count, and a royal one at that. Dolores has sketched one or two of the frocks just to give an idea of the kind of things that drew the guineas of the philanthropic into the Officers' Families' Fund, the Housing Association for Officers' Families, and Lady Beatty's Jutland Fund, at 15, Hanover Square, the other day.

One Way of Doing It.

The authorities there hold that a gown is not a gown—or at least not a gown at its best—unless it is displayed in appropriate surroundings. So the Count's creations first saw the light in a wonderful black carpeted Chinese salon, in which electric-lamps, screened in huge yellow shades, glowed softly on beautiful gowns displayed by mannequins to the accompaniment of soft music.



"Automne" could hardly be better indicated than by rich chestnut-coloured velours-de-laine, skunk fur, and silver-and-gold embroidery.

Wide Taste.

Evidently Count Michael believes in seeking inspiration from more than one source. Whether that source is a harem or something more conventional matters little so long as it provides an idea capable of being worked out in terms of fur or cloth, satin or chiffon, or stout, serviceable tweed, or any materials likely to reconcile women to life in a world at war.

Nor does he confine himself to one particular style, as to-day's illustrations show. Coats and skirts are always pleasant things, especially in winter, but a more pleasant one never burst on an admiring world than the original of the one here shown. All that material can do to ensure success is done by deep-chestnut-coloured velours-de-laine, with skunk to aid and abet its efforts; and an unusual waistcoat of white chiffon velvet, stitched with brown silk to give it a striped appearance, is the kind of thing that seldom falls to the lot of any but the luckiest woman.

A Tea-Gown Note. Some day someone may invent a substitute for the necessary tea-gown. Until

they do, what better fate could any woman ask for than to be given an opportunity of wearing apricot-coloured velvet veiled in gold tissue or silver tissue, with a tunic of blue-and-silver chiffon brocade imposed upon it; and a graceful robe of mauve chiffon, the colour of field-orchids, to give it that ethereal softness which most women like about clothes for informal wear?

What Fritz Never Thought.

Fritz hoped for a good many things when he first started bombing London. But he never expected that one result of his activities in this direction would be the creation of a take-cover toilette of mingled mauve chiffon, lace, skunk, and pink ribbons, to match the trousers of pink satin that blush through imponderable mauve draperies imposed upon them. If anything could reconcile women to the possibility of being dragged out of bed at any old hour of the night, it would be the prospect of stepping into a "suit" of this type.

Who Stole His Heart?

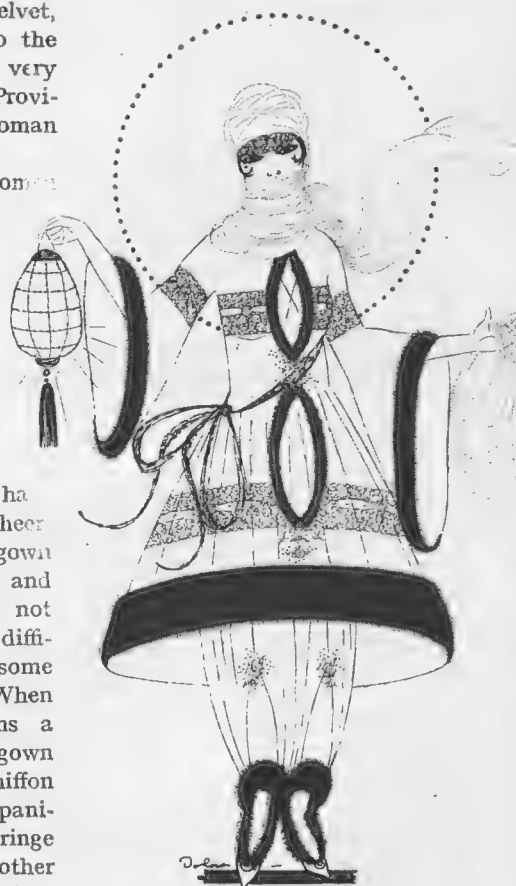
Who stole his heart? "I," said the charmer, "in my velvet armour, I stole his heart." It is not to be found in any ordinary book of rhyme, for the simple reason that a gown in which a tunic of sapphire-blue velvet, outlined at the neck with squirrel, and draped on to a pillar-box foundation of grey gabardine trimmed with bands of squirrel, was not invented when the author of "Cock-Robin" was busy collecting his ideas. It belongs, together with a sumptuous squirrel-trimmed, grey-lined wrap of

Apricot is expressed in velvet of the name colour, and a tunic of dull-gold tissue.

delightful present—a very wise dispensation of Providence, as every woman will admit.

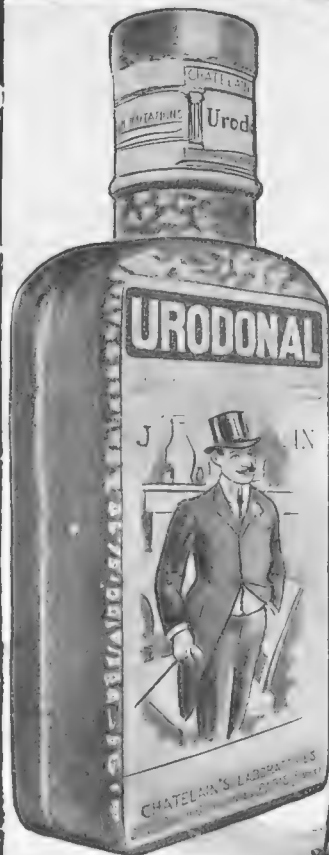
What They Said.

When women hesitated to wear short skirts, unkind people suggested that the hesitation was due to the existence of big ankles rather than to modesty. Women, having refuted the slander, have slipped back quite cheerfully into the sheath gown that fetters freedom, and makes movement, if not impossible, at least difficult. But there is some excuse for Eve. When Count Michael designs a serpent-like evening gown of mushroom-brown chiffon velvet, with accompaniments of dull-gold fringe and embroidery, or another in which black chiffon velvet does wonderful things for the wearer's figure, who can blame her if she yearns to submit to their embraces?



It is called "Take cover," and it is the kind of cover no woman would object to. What is not pink brocade and mauve chiffon is skunk and lace.

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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

The Bowler for the Boys.

Town is getting fuller as the days draw in. There were parts of it that could not be fuller—they are as full as ever. If Berlin or Vienna can show as many hefty men-at-arms in her streets as London can, I will make a couponless meal of my last hat! There is a cheery spirit abroad—that of Victory—which triumphs over death and loss, always in close attendance when victory must be by hard fighting. I see that men who describe themselves as wretched civies—we must have some—are going back to the bowler hat, and I am what the Yankees call "real glad." There is a neatness and smartness that is very well groomed and British about Scott's bowlers, and Scotts, 1, Old Bond Street, are the hatters *par excellence* of our well-turned-out menkind and womenkind too. To them the revival of the bowler is due. Soft felt hats had always something foreign about them, and the Homburg hat will always savour too strongly of the Hun for our liking. So welcome the bowler on its *ventrée*, as typical of the stiffening of our young manhood which has had such glorious result.

A Gallon in Your Pocket.

A good tip is something we all like. One of the best for the chill days and nights so near to us is to use Ivelcon. It is the handiest of stimulants, for it is put up in penny cubes. A cup of hot Ivelcon going to bed is simply splendid to induce comfort and sleep. It is the essence of prime beef flavoured with fresh vegetables, and one cube will make a breakfast-cupful. It is of the greatest service in making soups and gravies, on which we all have to depend so much these times; and it is beloved, too, of our fighters. It comes from St. Ivel, Yeovil, and can be had at any stores. Very convenient is it to carry a gallon of soup in your pocket; and there is another kind of pocket that will say a grateful and comforting "Thank you" for a portion of that same gallon.

Always Desirable.

When war is over there is one pleasant prospect before the housewife. No more stained knives; no more damage, by grinding or emery-powdering, to good cutlery. The Apis unstainable steel will effect a great reduction in house-work.



A novel design for a coat and skirt carried out in grey gabardine, with waistcoat, collar, and cuffs in checks of jade and white, which give the costume an original touch.

Why we have to wait until war is over is because Government requires all that can be supplied. However, the Apis depot, 30A, Holborn, E.C. 1, have a priority register, and by getting on that, one of the earliest supplies of this desirable cutlery for our victorious and unrationed peace-time can be secured. It gives no taste to fruit or fish, which is a distinct advantage, and it is always bright. Being Apis steel all through, it can be sharpened after ordinary methods. If anyone doubts these merits, which do seem too good to be true, the Apis Depot will lend a knife for a week's trial even now, with the war still raging.

Becoming and Comfortable.

Fleecy wool scarves are about the nicest kind of present for just now. As winter comes along they will create a gratitude as warming to the donor's heart as to the wearer's body. They are wide, long, light, and warm, being made from soft and fleecy alpaca wool. They go right over the shoulders, back, and chest, and fall down in front, where the ends can be confined under the dress girdle. There is a fine variety of them at Debenham and Freebody's, and they are attracting a great deal of attention because they are smart and stylish, and eminently suitable to the approaching conditions. They form no impediment to walking. They are cosy to throw over the shoulders going from room to room in house or hotel, or in the theatre; and they are pleasant to the touch; and, last but by no means least, very chic and becoming.

What Women Want.

Furs, and more furs, is what we women want, (Continued overleaf).

Charles Packer & Co Ltd.

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES

15-ct. GOLD
AND ENAMEL

£2 2 0 each
Post free.

BADGE OF ANY
REGIMENT SUPPLIED

£2 2 0 each
Post free.

The Royal Air Force.

Also Cap and Sleeve Badges and Observer's Badge.

THE FASHIONABLE RIBBON WRISTLET

With Diamond Initial set in Palladium and White Enamel Slide.
Every letter from A to Z in stock.

All £4 10 0 each.

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.



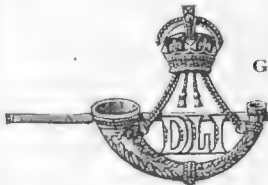
The Northumberland Fusiliers.

Illustrations show actual size of Brooches.

Money returned in full if not approved.



The Gloucestershire Regiment.



The Durham Light Infantry.

Illustrated Catalogue of Badge Brooches sent free on request.



The Devonshire Regiment. Badge Brooch of every Regiment in stock.



The Royal Navy (Gold or Silver Anchor) Also R.N.R. & R.N.V.



The Royal Army Medical Corps.

All these Brooches are finely modelled in 15-ct. Gold.

Can be supplied by return.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

By Appointment To H.M. The King.

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

INVALUABLE FOR TOILET AND DOMESTIC PURPOSES

Price 1/4 per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

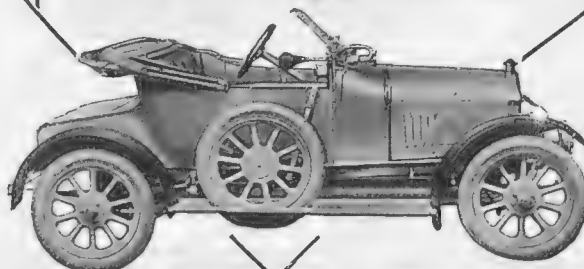
The public are cautioned against the many injurious imitations of "Scrubb's Ammonia" that are being offered, and attention is drawn to the signature of Scrubb & Co. on each bottle, without which none is genuine.

SCRUBB & CO., Ltd., Guildford St., London, S.E.

SWIFT

Maintaining its Pre-eminence.

Probably the improvements incorporated in the peace-time Swift will not be so conspicuous as those of cars which afforded greater scope—but their value will maintain the Swift's unassailable position.



THE SWIFT MOTOR CO., Ltd., COVENTRY. LONDON: 123-4, Long Acre, W.C. 2. DUBLIN: 15-17, South King Street.

Harrods

A Charming Blouse



On paper a Harrods Blouse might pass for any other Blouse—but what a difference when you make the actual comparison! What a difference in Quality, Workmanship, Style—in all, in fact, that makes for Value!

B.S. ROSA

Exceedingly Smart Style in 'Spung' Silk. The new high collar with the chic bow of black satin gives a charming effect. The "Rosa" is available in ivory ground with various coloured stripes.

Sizes, 13½, 14, 14½.

37/6

15 in. 3/- extra.

Send for Harrods delightful book of Autumn and Winter Styles. Only a few copies left.

HARRODS Ltd

Woodman Burbidge,
Managing Director

LONDON S W 1

YOUNG LADIES' CHIFFON VELVET REST GOWN

Simple, warm and becoming, adapted from an exclusive Paris model by our own skilled workers.

YOUNG LADIES' REST GOWN, in rich Chiffon Velvet, trimmed fringe on sleeves and skirt, finished with ribbon sash. In all colours. Exceptional value.

PRICE

6½ Gns.

FUR RENOVATIONS AND RE-MODELLING

should be put in hand now, as nearly the whole of the expert English furriers have joined the Army. Orders placed for renovations early in the Season will prevent disappointment which will be unavoidable during the Winter months.

NOTE.—This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.

Famous for over a Century
for Taste, for Quality, for Value.



BY APPOINTMENT.

OUTFITTING DEPT

DAINTY LINGERIE
FOR
TROUSSEAUX
& COLONIAL
OUTFITS.

"RHONA"

DAINTY &
USEFUL

NIGHTGOWN—Good quality Ivory Jap Silk, entirely Hand-made by our own workers: Finished fine Valenciennes Lace and Ribbon. 39/9

BOUDOIR CAP.—Silk Georgette: Finished tiny frills Val. Lace and Ribbon: Pale Shades. 25/9

CAMISOLE.—Crêpe-de-Chine: Trimmed Paris Lace and Ribbon: Elastic Waist: Pale Colours. 21/9

Harvey Nichols
Ltd
of Knightsbridge S.W.1



"Sporty Boyees" are now wearing

"Clydella"

(Regd)

the soft, warm, and durable material
for SHIRTS and PYJAMAS.

Write for patterns, etc., to the Manufacturers:
WM. HOLLINS & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 29),
Newgate Street — LONDON, E.C. 1.



Regd. Trade Mark



Vanity Fair

A Bouquet of Flower Perfumes of supreme beauty and distinction.

The perfume of the single flower has its individual charm, but it bears the same relation to the exquisitely blended flower odours of the modern Perfumer's Art as a solo instrument does to the rich chromatic harmonies of the full orchestra.

One of the most beautiful of all Flower Perfume Bouquets is "Vanity Fair" a delightful example of the famous

Yardley

PERFUMES

Vanity Fair Perfume ... 6/3, 9/6, 17/6, 35/- per bottle
Vanity Fair Face Powder ... 2/6 and 4/- per box.

*Of all high-class Chemists and Perfumers, and from
YARDLEY & CO., Ltd., 8, New Bond Street, London, W.1.
Perfumery and Fine Soap Makers since 1770.*





Effective
COAT
for
**PRESENT
WEAR**

R 13. Gracefully-cut Coat of fine Velour Cloth, half-lined silk, effectively trimmed mole-dyed coney. The square effect both back and front with soft hanging folds is particularly becoming to the figure. In shades of mole, navy, purple, or black ... **17½ Gns.**

LADIES' LINED GLOVES FOR WINTER WEAR.

2 Dome Tan Cape, lined Wool	12/6
2 Do "Soft" Undressed Fur	17/6
2 Do "Soft" Undressed Leather, lined Wool	13/6
2 Dome "Soft" Undressed Leather, lined Fur	16/11

Fully illustrated Season's Catalogue post free on application.

DICKINS & JONES LTD

Regent St London W.1.

Peter Robinson's

FINE FURS at Reasonable Prices




No. 3.

MODEL Wrap in fine Natural Musquash—beautifully soft skins; the pockets are a special feature ... **14 Gns.**



The Neath 72 gns.

THE "RUTH."

NEW COAT in fine quality Nutria; well-matched skins; new large collar; lined Silk **60 Gns.**

THE "NEATH."

COAT in fine quality Seal Musquash; 48 inches long; reliable skins; richly lined; large collar of Natural Skunk. **72 Gns.**

Peter Robinson Ltd
Oxford Street · W1





RAMESES SERIES.

The first recorded instance in the history of the world of a Scotchman who was glad he'd spent his money.

£100 REWARD

will be paid by the

Ciro

PEARL Co.

to any person or persons who can show that the following letters are not absolutely spontaneous expressions of satisfaction from clients. We do not disclose the names or addresses of our clients, but will show the originals of these letters and hundreds of others to any responsible person.

The pearl ring I bought from you has been so greatly admired out here, and the other day I was offered £110 for it by a man who rather fancies himself as knowing good stones when he sees them. I smiled when I thought of the price I paid for it, and jokingly said I would not sell it for under £200. Being so pleased with the ring I should now be much obliged if you would send me a *Ciro Necklet*.

Necklace to hand Wed. evening. It gives great satisfaction, and I consider it comes up to and even above your advt. Several friends that have seen it have greatly admired it.

Thanking you for your prompt dispatch so that I was enabled to get it Wed., which was very sharp work seeing that I only sent for it on Tuesday.

You can make what use you like of this note, and if you have any prospective customers in Reading you are at liberty to give them my name and address, and I shall be pleased to show the necklace to them.



*This is a photographic reproduction of a *Ciro Pearl Necklet* also *Single Pearl Ring*. Price £1 1 0 each (Including case, 2/- extra). Descriptive Booklet No. 5 on request.*

I am obliged by your letter of the 20th inst., and am glad to inform you that I received the necklet quite safely, and I am delighted with it. I am an expert on pearls, and this necklet is indistinguishable from the finest pearls.

I think it is very good indeed of you to take all this trouble over my order, and I can assure you of my continued patronage.

We will send you a Necklet, a Ring, or any of our Jewels on receipt of £1 1 0. Wear either for a week.

Compare it with the finest of genuine pearls or the highest-priced artificial pearls. If you are not satisfied, or if your friends can tell it is not real, return it to us, and we will refund your money in full.

Our Showrooms are situated on the first floor at 42, Piccadilly, W. 1 (directly opposite Prince's Restaurant). If you cannot call and see our Pearls, your order shall have our intelligent, careful service.

CIRO PEARLS are sold at one price only. Whether a gorgeous string of pearls, a ring, a brooch, a pair of earrings, or any jewel, no matter what size pearl you require, the price is £1 1 0. The mountings are as exquisite as if the pearls were genuine.

The **Ciro Scientific Pearl Co., Ltd.** (Dept. 5).

KNITTED COATS

PRACTICAL, useful, and becoming, in a variety of exclusive designs.

KNITTED WOOLLEN SPORTS COAT (*as sketch*), made from the softest and best quality alpaca wool, in a range of mixture colourings. Warm quality for Winter wear. Large sizes in stock.

Price $6\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.



H.3. Sheer Linen Handkerchiefs, hand-embroidered in one corner, $\frac{1}{16}$ th inch hemstitched hem. In assorted designs.

18/6 per dozen; 1/7 each.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

NOTE.—This Establishment will be closed on Saturdays until further notice.

Gorrings

WARM FLEECY WOOLLIES FOR SERVICE WEAR

Men's All-Wool Service Cardigan, with sleeves. Warm and durable. 18/11

Camel Hair, "delightfully soft." 35/-, 49/6, 59/6

50 Dark Natural Shetland Woollies, very light in weight, can be worn under Tunic for extra warmth. Price 11/6

Dark Brown Cardigan, Heavy All-Wool. 29/6

Dark Natural Cardigan, Heavy All-Wool. 30/-

Natural Camel Woollies, Heavy All-Wool. Beautifully soft and warm.

59/6, 55/-, 49/6, 35/- each

SERVICE SHIRTS.

In Khaki Viyella, 13/6. Collar to match, 1/6.

In Khaki fine All-Wool Flannel, 19/6. Collar to match, 2/-

In Khaki Flannel, Winter weight, 21/9. Collar to match, 2/-

FREDERICK CORRINCE, LTD.,
BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD., S.W.1



Less Coal this Winter means more Colds & Sore Throats

IT can't be helped—the authorities are doing everything possible to prevent it—but there *may* be days ahead when the snow is on the ground and the wind whistling round the house, while you and the children are huddled over 'a miserable fire'—or perhaps even an empty grate.

Of course you will endure it cheerfully—but remember this: lack of bodily heat lowers your resistance to germ attack; hence the usual cold-weather epidemics—Colds, Sore Throats, Influenza, and other microbic diseases.

That is why you should keep Formamint handy and take it at the first sign of bodily chill, throat irritation or suspicious sneezing. As a remedy, it brings comfort and healing to the sore membranes whilst killing the causative bacteria. As a preventive it checks the incipient disease—stops the infection spreading—and, if taken *daily*, makes your mouth and throat as germ-proof as possible.

Ask the chemist for real Formamint

Give Formamint to the children too—it's as harmless as sweets and no less attractive to their palates—and send it to the fighting-men, who are more exposed than any of us to Colds and Sore Throats.

But there is a Formamint-shortage, as well as a coal-shortage; so order your winter-supplies *now*, while you can still get it at the pre-war price: 2/2 per bottle of 50 tablets.

GENATOSAN, LTD. (British Purchasers of the Sanatogen Co.)
12, Chenies St., London, W.C. 1 (Chairman: The Viscountess Rhonda)

Inexpensive Furs

Famous House

FOR

Tailor-Mades

FROM MOST
RELIABLE
CLOTHS.

New Collection of
**Long Coats
Dresses,
Millinery,
Blouses.**

185, REGENT STREET, W.

Ernest.
Ltd.



PRACTICAL SLIP-OVER BLOUSE

An exact copy of an exclusive Paris model with the new Coatee effect, to be worn over the skirt. Made by our own workers in good quality Chiffon Velveteen with deep roll collar faced ivory satin, and finished with large rosette and fancy button, rich black silk fringe and rows of stitching. In Black, Green, Mole, Wine, Navy and Dark Saxe.

PRICE 78/6

FUR RENOVATIONS AND RE-MODELLING

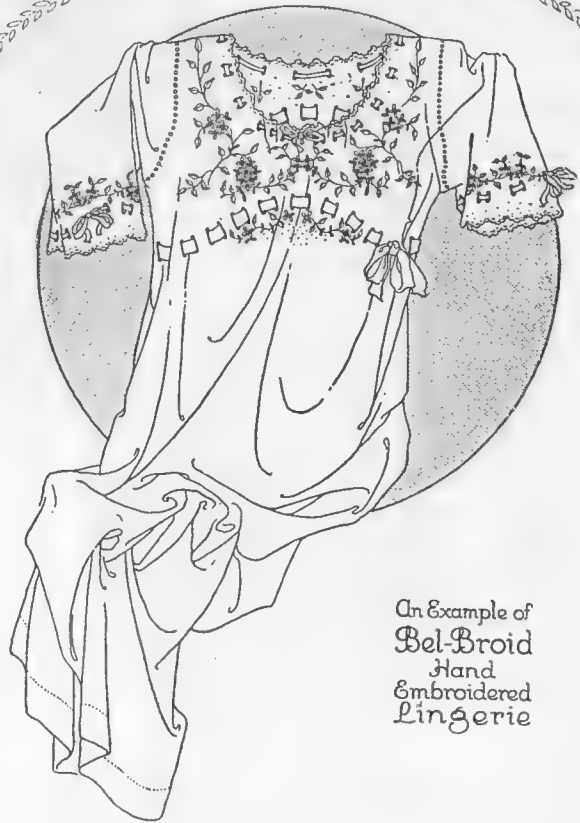
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NOTE.—This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.

**Debenham
& Freebody.**

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W.1





An Example of
Bel-Broid
Hand
Embroidered
Lingerie

A SELECTION ON APPROVAL.

May we send you a selection of Bel-Broid Lingerie on approval? Please state if simple or elaborate garments. We will regard your remittance for approximate cost as a returnable deposit until we hear your decision. Or send us the usual trade reference.

Bel-Broid

HAND EMBROIDERED LINGERIE

Bel-Broid Hand-Embroidered Lingerie makes a double appeal. It gratifies the liking for dainty underwear. It satisfies the desire to help the exiled Belgian Embroiderers who support themselves by this exquisite work. Delicate in design yet thoroughly serviceable.

All Bel-Broid Lingerie is made only of fine, durable materials, and hand embroidered. In white, pink, helio, lemon, and sky. Prices as below.

Bel-Broid Lingerie

SPECIMEN PRICES:

Camisoles from 5/9;
Knickers or Chemise
from 7/3; Nightgowns and
Combinations from 10/6.

This
BUTTERFLY
TRADE MARK
appears on the Sell-
ing Ticket on every
genuine BEL-BROID garment.

Address Madame J.
BELGEMBROID LINGERIE CO.,
(Late Jeanne de Neve Sisters.)
MONAGHAN.



"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

KHAKI SHIRTS

For Practical Value—Healthful, Durable,
Non-irritant and Unshrinkable.

If you are unable to
obtain, write to the
Manufacturers for name
of suitable Retailer.



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WM. HOLLINS & CO., Ltd.
(Trade only), 29, Viyella
House, Newgate Street,
London, E.C.1.

GOOCH'S

VOGUE & VALUE

Concentration always achieves the greatest results. Exclusive concentration on personal attire enables Goochs to attain the summit of inspiration and value—whether in the latest coats or lingerie, blouses or frocks.

Blanket Frieze Wrap Coat,
with collar of skunk dyed Goat,
half-lined silk. Finished with
the new wind cuffs, large
patch pockets and belt at waist.
In Purple and Putty . . . **12½ Gns.**

Goochs' Catalogue of new Autumn Blouses
and Sports Coats will be found most
helpful when ordering through the post.
Write for a copy; free on request.

Goochs Ltd

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.





"Youth never
made love to an
old hat, an old
gown, or an old
head of hair."

A WOMAN is as old as she feels and as young as she looks. But to look young is to *feel* young. That is why women whose locks are scanty are full of praise for "La Naturelle," the wonderful transformation which cannot be distinguished—even with the closest scrutiny—from naturally growing hair.

Maison Georges

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"*La Naturelle*"—*The Natural Parting Toupet* has the appearance of hair actually growing from the scalp. Detection is impossible. In addition it has the advantage that it can be brushed and combed like natural hair, and dressed—with or without a parting—to suit one's individuality.

TOUPET from 4 GUINEAS.

Full transformation from 12 Guineas.

(The "Times" system of instalments is available.)

Visit our Salons and see "La Naturelle" for yourself; or send to Dept. 4 for Catalogue de Luxe or an "Appro" selection.



"*La Naturelle*"



The dominating characteristics of "LISTA" Pure Silk Shirts are:
Quality and Originality.
 The Silk is the finest shirting loomed, and whether for Officers' Khaki Shirts or ordinary wear, cannot possibly be surpassed. *♣ ♣ ♣*

Ask your Outfitter for Patterns, and look for "Lista" stamped on selvedge. Wholesale only: LISTER & CO., Ltd., Old Change, E.C.

Style L95.
 Glacé Lace Shoe
 —Patent Cap.
 Price 30/6 pair.



"Bective"

50 YEARS of practical tests by the best British workmen have perfected these shoes of distinction.

Being made on the hand-sewn principle, their reliability is guaranteed.

Bective retain their smart appearance always. We have recently placed stocks with most of our Agents.

WRITE FOR NAME OF NEAREST AGENT TO
"BECTIVE" SHOE COMPANY
 (JAMES BRANCH & SONS, LTD.)
 NORTHAMPTON
 FOUNDED 50 YEARS AGO

N.W.LTD.

WIVES and WIDOWS

without dependants, can make provision for the later years of life by taking up a deferred Annuity NOW with the Scottish Widows Fund.

A copy of an interesting new Booklet "The Future of Women Workers" will be sent free on request.

Scottish Widows Fund

Founded 1815.

THE LARGEST BRITISH
MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE.

FUNDS: 22 MILLIONS. CLAIMS PAID: 47 MILLIONS.

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 (G. J. LIDSTONE, Manager and Actuary.)

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"Sanitas"

Makes Healthful Homes

Sprayed about Sickrooms, Sinks, Closets, &c., "SANITAS" destroys the Germs of Disease and greatly refreshes the Air with its active Oxygen.

"SANITAS" FLUID is a splendid "first aid" and wash for Wounds and Sores.

"SANITAS" FLUID is a perfect Mouth Wash and prevents Pyorrhæa, and Septic Poisoning caused by Bad Teeth.

As a gargle, "SANITAS" FLUID kills all Germs and immediately arrests on-coming Sore Throat.

"SANITAS" FLUID is Non-Poisonous, Fragrant, does not Stain Linen, and is a most grateful application to hot, tender feet.

Stains on linen are oftentimes easily removed by spraying with the FLUID.

"SANITAS" FLUID is sold in 8d. and 1/3 Bottles everywhere.

"SANITAS" POWDER 6d. and 1/- Tins.

"SANITAS" SOAPS in 1/8 Boxes and in Bars.

THE "SANITAS" CO., LTD., LIMEHOUSE, LONDON, E. 14.



HUNT & ROSKELL LTD
 By Warrant of Appointment to
 His Majesty The King.

25, OLD BOND ST
 LONDON, W.1.

PEARLS INDIAN BUNCHES NECKLACES

A Large Selection at various prices, strung from original

Selections sent on approval.



Harrods

Dainty Nightwear

Daintiness of design, allied to faultless workmanship and finish, imparts to Harrods Lingerie a distinction which grows even more desirable the more diligently you compare it.

TWILL PYJAMAS

L.O. 211. Well-cut Union Twill Pyjamas. In a large variety of effective stripes **21/9**
Lighter weight **14/6**
Lista Silk **39/6**
Spunella **45/9**

GEORGIAN RESTAURANT
When you call take Luncheon or Tea in Harrods Georgian Restaurant. The cuisine is the equal of any in London.

HARRODS Ld

Woodman Burbidge, Managing Director
LONDON S W 1

RELIABLE FURS

All our Furs are of a particularly reliable quality. They are made on the premises under thoroughly hygienic conditions, by our own highly skilled furriers, from skins that we can recommend with the utmost confidence. The fit, shape and finish are invariably excellent.

ORIGINAL MODEL FUR COAT, in Sable dyed Kolinski. A beautiful light wrap for evening wear, lined rich fancy French printed Charmeuse.

This model can be copied in Sable, Squirrel, or Moleskin.

FUR RENOVATIONS AND RE-MODELLING

should be put in hand now, as nearly the whole of the expert English furriers have joined the Army. Orders placed for renovations early in the Season will prevent disappointment which will be unavoidable during the Winter months.

NOTE.—This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)
Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London. W. 1



CHILD BOOTS

ONCE upon a time little girls were trained to be very prim and sedate, and their footwear was planned accordingly. But nowadays they vie with their brothers in games and romps, and in certain cases the boots designed for one are equally satisfactory for the other.

... Many of the Phat-Pheet models are just such "Child Boots"—suitable for boy and girl alike—giving adequate protection—training the feet in the way they should go.

... For the Phat-Pheet principle does not tolerate cramping; every muscle is given room to perform its proper function in the natural development of the foot. Below we give an example of one of the many Phat-Pheet numbers.



S 813 is a serviceable Brown Morocco boot for active girls or young boys. Full medium width, made on common-sense models which give the foot every Freedom.

Sizes and Post Free Prices.

7 7½-10 10½-12 12½-1 1½-2 2½-3 3½-6
18/- 18/9 20/- 21/6 23/6 24/6 25/6

SAMPLE OFFER

If there is any hesitation in sending cash with your order for a pair, we will gladly submit a sample *right* shoe for inspection and fitting upon receipt of 6d. stamps for postage, etc. Pencil outlines of the stockinged feet are the best guides to size.

Write for the Phat-Pheet Booklet.

Daniel Neal & SONS LIMITED

The Children's Shoemakers

Dept. 17—126 Kensington High St., LONDON, W. 8

Also at 68-70 Edgware Road, London, W. 2,
and 123 High Street, Putney, S.W. 15.

Continued.]

with a severe winter threatened and heating at a premium. I paid a delightful visit to the International Fur Store, 163-5, Regent Street, the other day. There is something inspiring about entering that distinguished establishment; it has the atmosphere of up-to-date luxuriousness. As to the coats I saw, I could not even begin to tell you of their beauty and variety. A new illustrated catalogue—illustrated as the I.F.S. always illustrates—consisting of twenty-eight pages, will be sent post free on request to anyone wanting furs. A draped effect I noticed was in favour; and great wide collars, which can be worn close up; also deep cuffs. Some of the silver fox I saw made me split the Decalogue all out; they were perfectly elegant, as an American friend said. Nutria coats trimmed with dark beaver made an irresistible appeal to my friend, who left a cheque and took a coat, and was quite hilarious all the day!

To be Grateful For. Many things we modern women have to be truly thankful for. One of them is such an establishment as Barri's, 72, Baker Street, where, in the greatest variety and thoroughly up-to-date, are really smart and becoming dresses to wear before the chief events in every woman's life—just when she wants to be cheerful and see friends, and feel unconscious and look nice. There are the loveliest things. One is in soft black satin, with a cute little vest of gold chiffon, a dainty little touch of gold embroidery on the almost straight bust-line, and another touch of gold on a cleverly draped scarf. Another is of plum-bloom-blue crêpe-de-Chine dress combined with chiffon, having a double drooping hood at the back, and a wonderfully arranged fichu in front. I cannot go into more detail, but there are dozens of these dresses; and there are practical and pretty coats and skirts too.

The Fairy God-mother's Salon. A visit to a delightful atelier up a storey—where one is safely and silently conveyed by a lift—makes one think of the kingdom of the Lilliputs, for in a light and lovely salon are the daintiest and most



An afternoon dress of grey-blue crêpe-de-Chine, and charmeuse of a brighter tone, embroidered in various shades of blue wool. The chemisette is of very pale yellow georgette.

delightful layettes. They are in hampers lined with the loveliest pale shades of satin, and the contents are ethereal and sweet-looking as though fairy fingers fashioned them. There are dear little coats and caps for boylets—one in pink-faced cloth with touches of brown fur specially covetable; there are frocks for girlies in white lawn with lace and baby-ribbon that look good enough to eat. Barri is the fairy godmother of modern days, and she mothers the mothers as well as the children. Some of them specially need it, for they are but girls themselves.

Taxis and Tempers.

I am an easy-going woman—many of my friends tell me I'm too lazy to live. It may be so, but the terror of the taxi-man is going to conduce to my longevity. I am not sufficiently robustious to struggle for entry to a 'bus, or a Tube train, at crowded times. The look and voice of the man at the wheel of a taxi cow my spirit as he inquires of me, in "Your money or your life" tone, where I am going. I try so hard to say what I think he wants me to say, but I have no success. If he does admit me to the exclusive interior of his cab, he disregards the amount registered, with the sixpence extra, assures me the machine is out of order, and proceeds to get from me the greater part of the money I had come to that particular place to spend. I walk now, and so I shall live long; but I do not like it, and consequently I have turned against a set of men I always liked.

Mrs. Vernon Castle. With reference to our Page 73, in which we say that Mrs. Vernon Castle had arranged to appear at Lady Carisbrooke's matinée at the London Pavilion as "The Spirit of France," a later announcement, issued after that section of *The Sketch* had gone to press, states that the famous dancer will only be able to arrange to assist as a programme-seller on that occasion, and will afterwards witness the performance from a box which she has taken.



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The secret of many of the most beautiful complexions is Pomeroy Day Cream.

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Tower Building, Water St., LIVERPOOL.

(Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament, 1863.)

A Minor Tragedy

By "ESTELLE."

"DON'T desert me, Clara," I begged, as my friend rose to go. "That odious Mrs. Hammerton is coming, and I don't feel equal to tackling her alone."

"Sorry," replied she, "but I've got a committee meeting. Just tell me that recipe of yours for a shampoo once again—sallax, smallax, what's the name of the stuff?"

"Stallax," I replied. "It's best to rub a little olive oil into your scalp before washing your hair. You needn't rinse it afterwards—isn't that a joy? It's just the thing to keep that fair hair of yours the same colour, and to make it look 'like a poet's dream.'"

I was not pleased to hear Mrs. Hammerton ushered in. I'm not fond of Mrs. Hammerton, who has "risen" in life, and proclaims it by an atrociously patronising manner. Moreover, it always distresses me (I am not a nice person) to see a person with a coarse, wrinkled skin and neglected, faded hair, wearing ultra-fashionable clothes.

"Ha-ow do you do? Dreadful weathah we are having, are we not?" she drawled out as I poured out tea. "Ha-owevah do you keep so wol-looking? Of course, you've nothing to do."

I was just recovering from a breakdown caused by two years in an aeroplane factory. I felt my temper rising. The conversation dragged on; then I bethought me of my knitting. I went upstairs to fetch it, and was some time finding it.

When I returned to the drawing-room I heard a strange sound, like sobbing, and to my utter amazement I found Mrs. Hammerton in tears. It was so unexpected, so utterly unlike, that I could only stammer out:

"Don't—oh, please don't; isn't there anything I can do—oh, what is the matter?"

She calmed down soon, and blurted out in a manner which was quite unlike her former patronising way.

"I c-can't help it. I must tell someone—it's just this. When I married John I was a good-looking girl, though you wouldn't think it, now; but we've been through some hard times together, and my looks went years ago. John's just as kind to me, and now we've got money he gives me all the pretty things I used to hanker after when I was young. But I look a silly, ugly old fool in them—I won't go to a beauty doctor and be giggled over. I can't tell John, he wouldn't understand."

I soothed her and I said:

"Dear Mrs. Hammerton, you mustn't worry, you really mustn't; if you'll let me be hatefully rude and interfering, I think I can tell you a few ordinary home recipes which will make all the difference in your looks. You've obviously been pretty, but you've lost the freshness and smoothness of your skin, and the thickness and brightness of your hair—two things without which Venus herself would be very plain. You suffer from enlarged pores, too, which cause blackheads. If you went to an American beauty specialist, you would probably be 'skinned,' a painful process which would remove the outer, soiled skin, and leave the new, clear complexion underneath exposed. The principle of 'skinning' is sound, but there are three objections—the pain and unsightliness of the process, the expense, and the fact that the treatment necessitates one laying up for several weeks. The only safe way to adopt this principle without its unpleasantness is to obtain some mercolised wax from the chemist's and smear it lightly over the face and neck, washing it off in the morning with warm water. The curious property of this wax is that it absorbs the soiled particles of the outer skin painlessly and invisibly, leaving the new skin underneath free to breathe. It can be used as often as required, and the cost is trivial."

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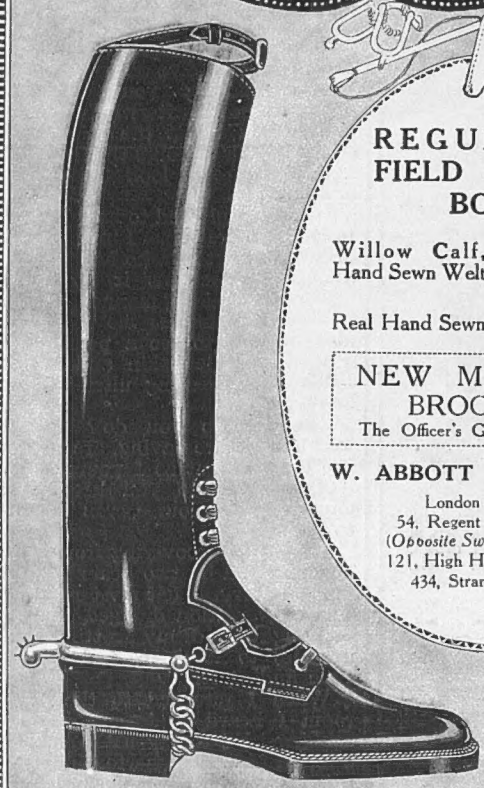
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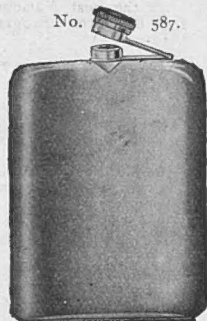
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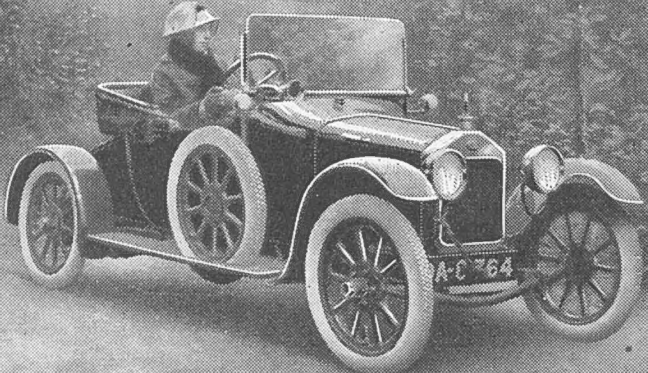
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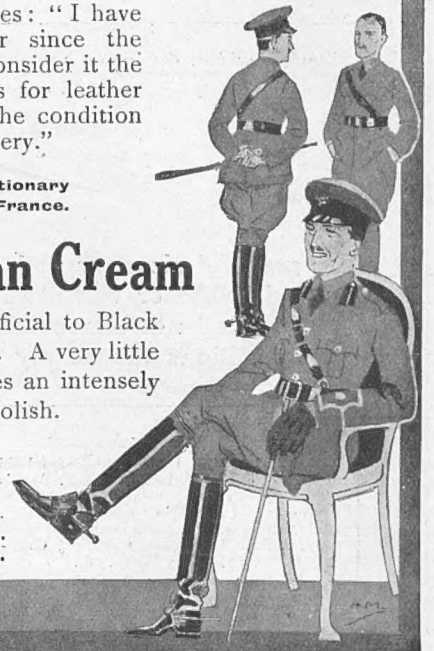
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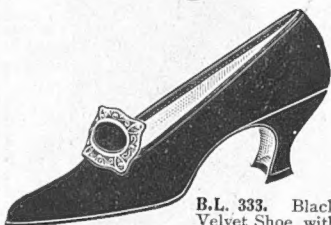
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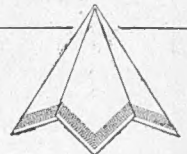
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